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The Outlook

OCTOBER 2, 1909

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THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

New York is gay with bunting from the Battery to the Harlem River and crowded with visitors from all parts of the country. Never before, probably, in the history of the metropolis has the city been given over to such merrymaking. Many stores on the days of the special parades are closed at midday in order that their employees may have the opportunity of joining in the festivities and in order also to show that the celebration, which was not commercial in its inception, is not commercial in its spirit. The city is almost surrounded by the fleets of the Great Powers, and is within range, probably, of the largest number of big guns that were ever brought to bear on any town. Our old foes, now our good friends, the British, are represented by a small but powerful squadron, led by Sir Edward Seymour's flagship, the battle-cruiser Inflexible, and accompanied by the Invincible and the Indomitable; strong, significant British names, and ships which represent the latest achievements in the making of naval machines. The largest carries a battery of guns twice as heavy as will be carried by any other single ship. The other British cruisers, the Drake, Argyll, and Duke of Edinburgh, are less powerful. The German war-ships, which stopped at Newport to receive their first cordial welcome, are three in number, the cruisers Victoria Louise, Bremen, and Dresden, under the command of Grand Admiral von Koester. The Italian ships Etna and Etruria represent that country, while the sister republic of France is represented by three battle-ships, Justice, Vérité, and Liberté; and the officers and men of this little fleet have been almost overwhelmed by the attentions they have received. Apparently every French-American in the city and a great many other Americans have tested to the utmost the unfailing courtesy of the French ships. Holland, which bears so intimate a relation to the celebration, is represented by the New Amsterdam and the Utrecht, but the Half-Moon, which three hundred years ago sailed up the Hudson on its voyage of discovery, reproduced by Dutch hands in the mother country and manned by Dutch officers in the dress of the seventeenth century, is the principal witness to the prominence of Holland in the metropolis. Our own navy is represented by fifty-three ships of different orders, from the battle-ship down to the colliers, while Fulton's Clermont has been reproduced for the occasion by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission. Mexico, Cuba, the Argentine Republic, and Guatemala fly the flags of those countries on the river. To care for this immense throng of visitors by land and by sea involves immense responsibility, which is being met by the most thorough preparation by the police and fire departments. During the entire week the city is to be brilliantly illuminated. Tablets will be placed in position in various sections of the city, in Kingston, and in Newburgh; and a Memorial Arch at Stony Point battlefield will be presented to the State. Commemorative meetings are being held in many places; and the doors of New York, always a city of hospitality, are wide open to the world.

THE HUDSON-FULTON ART EXHIBITS

The military and carnival parades in the city and the naval and other marine displays upon the Hudson, unusual and beautiful as they will be, ought not to lead participants in the celebration or spectators to forget one phase of the Hudson-Fulton memorial which is as important and interesting as it is unsensational. Twenty-one institutions in

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New York City will display scientific, historical, and art exhibitions appropriate to the occasion. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art there is a special display of over one hundred and thirty paintings by Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, Henry Hudson's century. Competent critics declare it to be the finest collection of paintings of its kind ever made and shown to the public. In a later issue of The Outlook photographs of some of these pictures will be reproduced, with an account of their significance. In the same museum there is also a special array of American Colonial art, including silver. More than three hundred pieces of silverware, all made before 1825, are shown, all characterized by extreme simplicity, and all of a distinct and unmistakably American character. Examples may be seen from the collections of Messrs. R. T. H. Halsey, George S. Palmer, Hollis French, and Judge A. T. Clearwater, which are known to connoisseurs of artistic silver both in this country and in Europe. At the National Arts Club there is an unusually interesting exhibition of paintings, engravings, drawings, and art objects illustrating three hundred years of New York City in its Colonial, Revolutionary, Nineteenth Century and Twentieth Century periods. In a vivid way, which could not possibly be accomplished so well in any other manner, the development of New York from a village to one of the greatest cities in the world is thus displayed. At the American Museum of Natural History will be found original objects illustrating the life of the Indians who were displaced from Manhattan Island and the Hudson River Valley by Hudson's discovery. At the New York Aquarium, the New York Botanical Gardens, and the Zoölogical Gardens at Bronx Park are special collections of fishes, plants, and animals peculiarly related to the Hudson River. The Society of Mechanical Engineers, the College of the City of New York, the Brooklyn Institute, the New York Historical Society, the Lenox Library, and the museum in Van Cortlandt Park exhibit collections of maps, books, pictures, drawings, and other objects associated with the lives and times of Hudson and Fulton. In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, enameled signs have been hung on those trees which were indigenous to the Hudson River Valley in 1609. These collections, together with others which cannot be enumerated here, indicate that the committee in charge has made the celebration not only a great gala display but one of unusual historical and educational value.

THE HUDSON-DE VRIES CELEBRATION AT LEWES

Several days before Henry Hudson sailed into the North River, in 1609, he had entered what he called the South River, which we now call the Delaware. He sailed only a little way up it, turning back when he found no indication of the Northwest Passage which was his dream. He landed, in all probability, somewhere near what is now the quaint old seafaring town of Lewes, Delaware, inside the Breakwater; and so favorable were his reports on the country that David de Vries, with a colony, came to the spot where Lewes now stands, in 1631. They named their little settlement Zwannen-dael, the "Dale of the Swans," of which there were many. It flourished, but not for long; for during the absence of de Vries in Holland the Dutch commander punished the Indians severely for stealing a standard with the arms of Holland on it. Two Indians were executed in revenge for what had seemed to the hitherto friendly tribe a mere bit of petty larceny, though to the patriotic Dutch it was high treason. The result was a rising of the savages and a bloody massacre which left not one of the colony alive. Thus the honor of the first permanent settlement in Delaware fell to the Swedes, who colonized the northern part of the State in 1638. But the Dutch planted another colony at Lewes, and ended by conquering their neighbors, until the English came, conquered both Dutch and Swedes, and annexed the colonies to Pennsylvania for a while as "the three lower counties on the Delaware." All Delaware history begins, therefore, with Hudson and the Half-Moon, and so it was highly appropriate that Lewes should have a Hudson-De Vries celebration on September 22, antedating the Hudson-Fulton by a few days. Baron Loudon, the Dutch Minister, was received by all

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the dignitaries of the State, and rode in procession through the picturesque old streets of Lewes. There were floats representing Queen Wilhelmina and her Court, the Indians of Zwannen-dael, the old church with its quaint steeple, the Dutch Colonists from Hoorn in their old-time garb, Dutch windmills drawn by oxen, and many other historical scenes. The procession, two miles long, wound through streets where every house was decked in the Dutch and American colors, and was surrounded and followed by a crowd of thousands afoot and in buggies, wagons, and automobiles as far as the monument, commemorating the occasion, which was to be unveiled. Baron Loudon, in a most felicitous address at this ceremony, spoke especially of the great likeness to Holland of the country about Lewes—the low-lying meadows, the canals and watercourses, and the sand-dunes—and also of the number of families with familiar Dutch names and Dutch descent. It was the settlement of Delaware by the Dutch and Swedes, before the English came to Pennsylvania, which gave her the spirit of a separate colony and guided her to break off from Pennsylvania in the end and become a separate commonwealth among the original thirteen. Governor Pennewill and Judge George Gray also made addresses, and a poem for the occasion, by George Alfred Townsend, was read. A reception to the Dutch Minister followed, and a Dutch ball was held in the evening. Several United States war-ships were in Lewes Harbor for the celebration, and their officers and men took part in the procession, with the Delaware troops, led by the Governor and his staff. The inscription on the monument runs: "Erected by the State of Delaware to commemorate the settlement on this spot of the first Dutch colony under de Vries, A.D. 1631. Here was the cradling of a State. 'That Delaware exists as a separate commonwealth is due to this colony.' Bancroft."

THE LUZAC MEMORIAL

The Dutch end of the tercentenary celebration of the Netherlanders in America has been maintained during the summer in the five Dutch cities of Utrecht, Amsterdam, Nijkerk, Leeuwarden, and Leyden by the erection of bronze memorial tablets reared by Americans, members of societies in New York, New Brunswick, Schenectady, Ithaca, and Philadelphia. That unveiled at Leyden on September 8, the gift of the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia, commemorated the "one-day writer," as the Dutch say, Jan Luzac, journalist, statesman, and scholar, who championed in the Leyden Gazette from 1772 to 1785 the cause of the American colonies against the personal government of George III. Before the days of telegraphs, ocean cables, wireless messages, and steam presses Luzac was uniquely skillful in obtaining from Washington, Hamilton, Maxwell, Greene, Sullivan, John Adams, the Continental Congress and generals, and more especially his Dutch friends at St. Eustatius Island in the West Indies, the news, both Yankee and British. He published letters, despatches, and items in both Dutch and French—the language of diplomacy—and thus reached the ears of kings and courts all over Europe. Through his efforts and that of the brilliant coterie of Dutch writers, van der Capellen, Calkoens, and others, with their incisive and interpretative editorials, the French alliance in part and the league of armed neutrality of Russia, Prussia, etc., against Great Britain was secured and our independence made sure. More eloquent even than the addresses by three Dutch university professors and the Rector Magnificus, and of Mr. Plempe van Ouiveland, who, as one of Holland's ablest editors and the President of the Circle of Netherlandish Journalists, hung the wreath below the Luzac tablet on September 8, 1909, were the pages of the Leyden Gazette in the exhibition of Luzac documents at the University Library. These, with names of our Continental Fathers thick on every page, thrilled the Americans present. The strictly contemporaneous "Yankee Doodle," the music score lacking, was not sung, but Leyden women's voices sang both the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Wilhelmus Lied"—composed by Aldegonde when the sixteenth-century Dutchmen abjured Philip II, and, after issuing their Declaration of Independence, began their republic of seven States with a written

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Constitution, striped red and white flag, and public schools sustained by taxation. The tablet on the house where Editor Luzac lived, 112 Rapenburg, faces the canal, or *gracht*, on which the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 began their voyage to America, while in St. Peter's Church is the grave of John Robinson, under the stone floor, being only a few yards away from the white marble tomb of Luzac, "the oppressor of tyrants and the friend of the oppressed."

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUR

The excellent speeches which President Taft is making during his tour from Massachusetts to the Pacific Coast, and back to Washington through the Southern States, indicate that the journey has been undertaken to accomplish three purposes: He wishes first to meet the people of the country and find out what they desire from his Administration; second, to interpret to them the recent events and currents of Federal legislation; and, third, to shape public opinion by suggesting possible future legislation and to arouse for it popular support. In Boston, a center of accumulated capital, he urged monetary and currency reform, and suggested the possibility of the creation of a central bank to act as an intermediary between the Government and the present system of National banks. In Minnesota, one of the stamping-grounds of tariff reform, he defended the Payne Tariff Law as being, in spite of manifest defects, the best Protectionist measure ever passed by a Protectionist Congress. This, as our readers know, is the opinion of The Outlook. Mr. Taft has appointed the members of the Tariff Commission, through whose investigations and collection of facts he would like, as he has said to a representative of The Outlook, to edit an encyclopædia of the tariff which shall be to the commerce of the country what the United States Pharmacopœia is to medical practice. In Milwaukee Mr. Taft urged the establishment of postal savings banks, for the creation of which it is earnestly to be hoped that Congress will at once enact the necessary legislation. In Iowa he recommended amendments to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Hepburn Law regulating inter-State commerce which shall strengthen both these measures and add to the power of the Government in regulating railways and other great corporations. The most important of these recommendations was for the enlargement of the Inter-State Commerce Commission into a Commerce Court of five members, a court from which appeal should lie only to the Supreme Court of the United States. We hope that public opinion will support Congress in carrying out this recommendation. In Colorado, where artificial irrigation, under the auspices of the United States Government, has created fruit-bearing land worth three thousand dollars an acre, the President spoke on reclamation as a branch of the conservation service, and promised that the work of the Government should not be lessened in this direction under his Administration. The tenor of these speeches must be most encouraging to those who believe in the movement and principles of what has sometimes been defined in these pages as the New Federalism.

THE MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK

The municipal campaign in New York has virtually begun with the nomination for the Mayoralty of Mr. Otto T. Bannard. Mr. Bannard is President of the New York Trust Company and is active in several philanthropic societies. This nomination does not necessarily mean the failure of a fusion of forces against Tammany Hall; it means simply that the Republican Convention, having met on its designated day, found no Fusion candidate in the field, and therefore had to act on its own initiative and select a man whom other organizations would be likely to indorse. On the whole, the Republican organization has this year acted with discretion. Under the leadership of the non-partisan Committee of One Hundred it has been engaged in conference with other organizations opposed to Tammany Hall. The time when municipal campaigns will be conducted without regard to National party lines has not yet come to New York City; but the time apparently has come when local leaders of National parties recognize the fact that

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in municipal campaigns municipal issues should predominate. The platform which the Republicans have adopted is devoted exclusively to municipal questions, and the principles that it advances are on the whole sound. Denunciation of political opponents is an expected element in any political platform, but in this case it is something more than a perfunctory challenge to the other side. Tammany Hall, which this platform arraigns, is something more than a political adversary—it is a public enemy. When, therefore, the platform says that "government is an institution to live under, not on," it is setting forth a principle which is ruinous to the whole Tammany structure. This platform, of course, calls attention to the fact that the two Borough Presidents whom Tammany Hall put into office have been removed. There are serious tasks confronting the municipal government of the city. The first of these is that of bringing order and honesty into the administration of the city's business; that the affairs of the city have been administered wastefully is known, but so chaotic is the condition of governmental organization in the city that there is actually no way of knowing how great the waste has been. Hardly less important and decidedly more intelligible to the voter is the problem of securing adequate transit facilities. Economy in the expenditure of money appeals to the taxpayer, but comfort and promptness in going to and from work appeal to every dweller in the city. The problem of the police which has been raised in New York City by Mayor McClellan's dismissal of Commissioner Bingham is one that no candidate for office can neglect. Finally, most obscure and complex of all is the problem of securing a new and more adequate charter for the city. As a financial administrator there is every reason to believe that Mr. Bannard, who has had wide experience as a banker and as a director of corporations, would be a very efficient Mayor. On transit affairs it must be presumed that Mr. Bannard would agree with the statement of the Republican platform in favor of the municipal ownership and municipal control of subways. This statement is statesmanlike, and it is to be hoped will be emphatically indorsed by Mr. Bannard, whose knowledge of the business of public utilities could be made as serviceable to the city as Mr. Wickersham's knowledge of corporation law has already been made serviceable to the Nation. As to the police, both the Republican platform and, so far as we know, the Republican candidate are silent, except that the platform makes a bid for the police vote by advocating the three platoon system. If, however, as is expected, General Bingham takes part in the campaign, the police issue will not be ignored. Finally, as to the charter, there is no indication that either the party or the candidate is prepared to advocate any definite principles. On the ticket associated with Mr. Bannard are Mr. Prendergast, nominee for Comptroller, and Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, nominee for President of the Board of Aldermen. It is significant that Mr. Mitchel is an Independent Democrat; and under Mayor McClellan's administration has, as Commissioner of Accounts, conducted investigations which have resulted in the dismissal of two Borough Presidents. Messrs. Prendergast and Mitchel were the choice of the nominating committee of the Fusion forces. The city ticket of the Republicans is therefore virtually a Fusion ticket. It deserves the support of all haters of Tammany methods and all believers in sound municipal administration.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON Irrespective of party, the people of the United States regard as a National affliction the death of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. Of few men can be said what is true of him, that, although his political activities were confined to a single State, he was a National figure. His career illustrates the truth that whether a man is to be counted a servant of the Nation or not depends less upon the largeness of his field than upon the largeness of his spirit. No man could ask for a greater measure of public confidence than that which Governor Johnson received. Three times he was elected Governor of his State, and each time under extraordinary circumstances. Minnesota is naturally a Republican State, and in 1904 its party color was intensified by the popular enthusiasm for President Roosevelt. In

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that year the Republican Presidential ticket won by the large plurality of 161,000; yet Mr. Johnson, a Democrat, was at the same time elected to the Governorship by a plurality of nearly 8,000. At the close of his term, two years later, he was again a candidate, and that time he was elected by a plurality of 72,000, though the normal party feeling of the State was exhibited in the election of Republicans to the other State offices. Last year he was candidate for the Governorship for a third successive term, and in spite of the Republican Presidential plurality of nearly 86,000, he was elected by a plurality of some 20,000. What was it that won him this extraordinary and continued confidence? In the first place, his temperament, his manner, his bearing—all that is included under the vague term personality—was winning. Everybody who met him saw that in this unassuming man there was strength, and felt the charm of combined ruggedness of character with fineness of fiber. Then his typically American career was stimulating. As Governor Hughes, of New York, has said, his life "was one of the finest illustrations of American opportunity well used." When he was first a candidate, his opponents unscrupulously endeavored to injure him by publishing the fact that his father had been a drunkard and had died in the almshouse, and that his mother had been a washerwoman. When, as a consequence, it became known that because of this father's desertion the boy had borne the burden of the family since he was fifteen years old, and that with all his man's work he had carried on by himself as well as he could a boy's education, the people of the State found a new hero. Besides his personality and his success against obstacles, certain qualities of mind and character made the people of his State trust him. As a legislator he had shown himself honest, brave, and independent. He was a Democrat, not by inheritance, but by conviction, and therefore he was ready to act independently of his party if his party urged a course of action which traversed his convictions. In both Legislature and Governor's chair he proved his hold on high political ideals. His disregard of the spoils system was particularly admirable because the circumstances of his election brought him into power when spoilsmen were particularly hungry. In not only special crises—as in the case of the miners' strike of 1907 in northern Minnesota—but in the less dramatic though not less important daily work of the Governor, he showed marked efficiency. Finally, although Governor Johnson was not counted in the radical wing of the Democratic party, he was so earnest a defender of popular rights when opposed by private interests that some of his conservative associates regarded him at times as a radical. By the people at large, however, to whom factional labels mean little, he was accepted as a spokesman. He had that wholesome spirit of the West which not only values men over property, but believes that money in the end cannot conquer human rights. It is interesting that his successor, Mr. Eberhart (whose name, by the way, was originally Olson), was one of the three Republicans who, in disgust with their party machine, urged Mr. Johnson to become a candidate for the Governorship. At the time of his death Mr. Johnson was only forty-eight.

AN ENEMY OF CORRUPTION

Judge Lindsey, of Denver, has taken up the weapons of publicity against the powers that are preying on the people of Colorado. He has prepared a series of articles for Everybody's Magazine. The first appears in the October number. Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, a short-story writer, is his collaborator. All over the country Judge Lindsey is known as the "children's judge." Our readers know of his success in saving, through the Juvenile Court, many young offenders from lawlessness. Because of his fearlessness he has made enemies of the machines both of the Democratic party, to which he naturally belongs, and of the Republican party. The last time he was elected it was purely by independent votes. It is not about the Juvenile Court that he writes, however, but about the tyranny which wealthy corporations of Colorado exercise through the corruption of State and municipal government. Those who have read Winston Churchill's "Coniston" have read, in other settings and

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with other incidents and other characters, the story which Judge Lindsey has to tell. It is a narrative of selfish moneyed interests leagued against those measures of social reform which would make them responsible. In his first article Judge Lindsey tells of the discouragement which came over him as a boy in a lawyer's office, of the hardness of the struggle that his mother, a widow, had with poverty, and of the despair which led him to an attempt on his own life. This early experience, he says, gave him a sympathy with childhood that has had its results in the Juvenile Court. As a lawyer he early discovered the power of certain corporations, in particular a traction company which succeeded in blocking what Judge Lindsey believed to be justice in the courts, and in finally winning away from a political career on behalf of the public Judge Lindsey's law partner. The publishers of Everybody's Magazine tell, in the same issue, the story of the means which they took to verify the truth of Judge Lindsey's story. An agent of the "Interests" in Denver, they declare, came to the office of the magazine with written charges against Judge Lindsey. These included "accusations of lunacy, degeneracy, and degrading immorality." The editor of Everybody's went to Denver, and there received a substitute indictment, consisting of "one and a half typewritten pages instead of the original forty;" it eliminated most of the charges, including those of immorality. The surviving charges were investigated, and not one was sustained. Moreover, testimony concerning Judge Lindsey's honesty and bravery was received. A correspondent of The Outlook has informed us that since this article was announced a new move in the campaign has been taken. This is an attempt to use the public schools of the city to discredit Judge Lindsey. The School Board, we are informed, has ordered its Superintendent to call upon the principals of the public schools for their opinion as to the Juvenile Court. Inasmuch as the Board is notoriously controlled by enemies of Judge Lindsey, it is clear why adverse opinions are expected. According to the Denver Express, one of these principals has taken pains to explain to Judge Lindsey that, although he will not say what is untrue, yet, for fear of losing his position, he cannot be enthusiastic about the court. This report is by no means incredible. In Colorado both political machines are corrupt and corporate power is unscrupulous. Everybody's Magazine is performing a public service in telling the story of this fighter against a selfish and treacherous plutocracy.

CONGRESS AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The local administration of the affairs of the District of Columbia forms a distinctly unique problem. Not only have the permanent residents of Washington and its outlying districts no right to vote in National elections, but they have no voice in legislating for local affairs or in the expenditure of appropriations for local purposes. To be sure, the United States, as the greatest property-owner, pays half of all the taxes, and must have a great voice in local government. But while the exercise of executive functions over the District by a Board of Commissioners appointed by the President seems acceptable and practicable, the complaint is made that, in exercising legislative and appropriation functions, Congress, which has reserved these functions exclusively to its own action, is not and cannot be attentive enough to local needs. Dr. Henry S. Curtis, in the current issue of The Survey, sets forth the situation clearly and strongly. It is admitted that the territorial form of government, established in 1871 and abandoned in 1874, was costly, and that it ran the District into debt over twenty millions of dollars. For a time the system substituted did fairly well; but now it is inadequate to the growth of a great municipality. Everything has to come before the District of Columbia Committees of the House and the Senate—two committees in each body. Membership in these committees is not eagerly sought, and Dr. Curtis avers that, "as birds of passage without permanent residences or taxable property in the District, Congressmen have no personal motives for taking an interest in the District's welfare. They are quite irresponsible for their acts. Their constituents do not know, and for the most part do not care, what they enact for the District, and they are entirely independent, socially and

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politically, of the Washington people." Moreover, the detail work is too petty for National legislators to take up. "Our National lawmakers have sometimes spent an entire afternoon in the discussion of such questions as whether a certain class of school janitors should be paid thirty-five or forty dollars a month. There are scores of debates where the economy proposed would amount to far less than the salaries of the legislators for the time spent in discussing it." Altogether, Dr. Curtis declares, it has been very difficult to get advance legislation along the line of reform adopted by other cities, and what has been gained has taken more effort than elsewhere. The suggestion is made that better than the present form of government would be the full responsibility of a Bureau chief or Cabinet officer if possible, a high-grade municipal expert; at the worst, the District would then "have a purely monarchical form of government in place of the mongrel sway it now has, and there would be some one who could give to District legislation and appropriation the time they absolutely require." Dr. Curtis's paper will certainly serve the purpose of calling attention to the need of thorough consideration of this subject.

THE RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS

Both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook reached the United States last week. Elsewhere in this number of The Outlook will be found a letter from Mr. George Kennan, staff correspondent of The Outlook, describing Mr. Peary's arrival at Sydney and the greeting extended to him there. From Sydney Mr. Peary journeyed with his family to their summer home in Maine, where he will remain for the present. He has reiterated his belief that Dr. Cook did not reach the North Pole, and has placed in the hands of the President of the Peary Arctic Club, General Thomas Hubbard, of New York, a statement of the facts which, in his judgment, uphold this accusation. General Hubbard is a lawyer of standing, and will act as Mr. Peary's personal counsel as well as in his connection with the Club. The understanding is that, after a careful study of the documents and perhaps after a further statement from Dr. Cook, Commander Peary's charges will be made public. Meanwhile Dr. Cook arrived in New York from Copenhagen early last week, and has since received many greetings and honors, culminating on Thursday evening in a public banquet tendered by the Arctic Club of America. This took place in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and over a thousand persons were present. Admiral Schley, who presided, announced his belief as President of the Arctic Club that both Peary and Dr. Cook had discovered the Pole, and that the achievement was one in which there is glory enough for both. In his remarks at this banquet Dr. Cook declared that "the key to frigid endeavor is subsistence. There is nothing in the entire realm of the Arctic which is impossible to man. . . . The most important lesson is that civilized man, if he will succeed, must bend to savage simplicity necessary for polar success." He gave full credit to other explorers by whose experience he had profited, but did not attempt to give in greater detail than he has already done through the press the narrative of his expedition. Previously, however, Dr. Cook had made some interesting statements to newspaper men, and had even shown them one of the notebooks in which his observations were recorded—a little book filled, it is said, with perhaps thirty thousand words of closely written records. In answer to many questions, he said that he had left part of his record with Mr. Whitney for the sake of double security, and that Mr. Whitney would probably be back by the middle of October. Dr. Cook said that he met Whitney at Etah, and there told him the story of the discovery of the North Pole, and this story was overheard by one of the two men left in charge of stores at Etah by Mr. Peary. The other of these two men, Murphy, he regarded as hostile to him, and therefore told him nothing. Dr. Cook disclaimed any enmity to Mr. Peary, and said, "So far as I am concerned, the Peary-Cook incident is closed. Mr. Peary has no right to dictate my affairs and I have no right to interfere with his." A very interesting statement made by Dr. Cook related to provisions after his last supporting party had been sent south, and we quote it here because

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of its bearing on the comments about this phase of the matter made by Mr. Kennan on another page. Dr. Cook says:

> I had provisions enough left for myself, the two Eskimos, and two dogs to last eighty days. I then had two sledges and twenty-six dogs for this last stage of the journey. I counted, of course, on feeding dogs to dogs. We left land, you know, with eleven sledges, one hundred and three dogs, and eleven Eskimos. We got back to Greenland with no dogs and only half a sledge. During those last days we not only at times had to feed our sleeping-bags but parts of our clothing to the last of the dogs.

Dr. Cook said he had so managed his eighty days' supply of food that it lasted nearer ninety days, and that each of his two sledges contained six hundred pounds of supplies in the final dash. For two days before he met Whitney, Dr. Cook and his Eskimos had had no food at all, and they had used the last of their ammunition. In general, Dr. Cook declined to give details of the incidents of his trip other than as already published, evidently thinking that he ought not to detract from the value of the complete story as it will be published in book form.

ARCTIC TRAGEDIES OF THE PAST

By far the most thrilling story of Arctic exploration of the week came from the newspaper correspondents who went in the cable-ship Tyrean from Sydney to Battle Harbor to interview Captain Peary at that place. From the talks had by the correspondents not only with Mr. Peary but with the sailors and officers of the expedition came stories of far more human and dramatic interest than the accounts signed by Mr. Peary and Dr. Cook and published immediately after the news of their success was known. We particularly commend to our readers, as such a thrilling and human story, the despatch published in the New York Sun on Monday of last week, and we may quote from that despatch, incidents which together form, it seems to us, one of the most remarkable romances of Arctic exploration:

"It was in November of 1908, when the Roosevelt was in winter quarters at Fort Sheridan, that McMillan and Borup had started south on a hunting expedition. When ninety miles from the ship, in latitude 81° 44′, they had come on the base of the Greely expedition. Fort Conger it was then and is still called. Here it was that the expedition had established a base after being landed from the steamer Proteus in 1881, and it was this last bulwark of safety that Greely and his men abandoned in 1883 after vainly waiting for the return of the Proteus. The relief ship had been crushed in the ice, and the consequent tragedy of slow starvation at Cape Sabine is common in the annals of Arctic exploration. The two hunters came upon the old stronghold of the Greely expedition in the middle of the Arctic night some time in January. The storehouse, with its twenty-seven years of snow blanketing, still stood as it had been left the day that the sorely stricken men of the Proteus had forsaken it to turn southward—just a monument to the lure of the northland, there alone in the mystery of a dead world. McMillan and Borup entered the place after cutting through the snowbanks blocking the door. They made a light and they then began to examine the relics of men some of whom had died in the misery of Cape Sabine's shores, while others escaped death only by a mere hairbreadth. One thing they found was an empty trunk with the name David L. Brainard on the cover. This McMillan dragged out of the hut and used to protect himself while taking observations. Then, in carefully written pages, they found General Greely's report of the food caches he had made throughout the vicinity of Lady Franklin Sound. It was all very methodically and carefully entered, an ironical testimony to the fruitlessness of man's precautions in the desolate ice waste. In a chest they found General Greely's dress uniform, brass buttons and gilt epaulets untarnished, and the navy cloth unfretted by moths. The dress uniforms that other men had carried north with them in their vanity reposed in other chests. There were also cuff links, scarf pins, and the what-nots of a man's toilet. Over in one corner was a school text-book, evidently a boy's book, which had seen much use. In a boyish hand on one fly-leaf were written some words, and

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as McMillan now held the page open the correspondents copied:

Lieutenant Fred Kislingbury:

To my dear father from his affectionate son: May God be with you and return you safely to us. HARRY KISLINGBURY."

THE VALUE OF BIRD REFUGES

Not long ago, in an article with the title "The Government as a Teacher," a writer in The Outlook described the Bird Refuges established by President Roosevelt's order as an illustration of the way in which our National Government is a leader in certain needed reforms of which little is known. An ill-advised (to say the least) correspondent from Florida thereupon alleged that these Bird Refuges were useless, because they only protected gulls, terns, cranes, and other sea birds which he alleged should be treated as pests. Other correspondents of The Outlook quickly pointed out this writer's fallacies, and two letters on the subject, one from the President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, were printed in The Outlook two weeks ago. Other interesting points are made in a letter we have received from the Chief of the Division of Game Preservation of the United States Department of Agriculture, Mr. T. S. Palmer, who perhaps knows more about this subject than any other man in the country. From this letter it appears that, in fact, nearly half of the Bird Refuges are in the interior, and many species other than sea birds benefit by them. Thus in Oregon and North Dakota they form breeding-grounds for ducks and geese, and valuable water fowl use the Louisiana reservation as a winter resort. Furthermore, it is not true that pelicans, terns, and gulls eat nothing but fish; they eat insects, reptiles, and frogs in great numbers, and thus serve a useful purpose, and ought to be protected; in fact, the State of Utah protects gulls just because of their value in destroying insects. Mr. Palmer declares also that birds of this sort do not really "make havoc" among the fish the Government is propagating, and apparently do little to lessen the supply of food fish generally. The real truth is that this opposition in Florida to the Bird Refuges comes from the same people who approved, for purely commercial reasons, the destruction of sea birds that their plumage might be sold for fashionable millinery. Mr. Palmer says that in this way certain species of birds, formerly abundant, have been all but exterminated. At some points 30,000 or 40,000 terns constituted the season's kill for single plume-hunters, and the result of a few seasons of such work has been that even after years of protection these birds are still below their normal abundance. The egrets and other plume birds of Florida, which formerly bred in enormous colonies, have been reduced to mere handfuls here and there, chiefly in practically inaccessible regions. Killing and sale of these birds is now prohibited in most States, but, were such prohibition to be removed, it would probably be only a few years before certain species would be exterminated. The gulls, in particular, have been useful to man in several curious ways: During the recent mouse plague in the Humboldt Valley, Nevada, says Mr. Palmer, they appeared in flocks in the alfalfa fields and destroyed the meadow mice in large numbers. The species which nest in the interior consume numbers of grasshoppers and other noxious insects, while those which frequent the coast perform important duties as scavengers or as aids in locating schools of fish. As scavengers gulls perform a very effective service about harbors, such as those of New York and San Francisco. Probably 100,000 gulls congregate near New York in the winter and regularly follow the garbage scows to sea every day and dispose of large quantities of refuse, particularly animal matter, which otherwise would float ashore. The State of California has for many years protected the gulls on San Francisco Bay and at other points because of their value in disposing of floating refuse. The Bird Refuges have been of decided value to bird students, as the opportunities for observation afforded by the sea bird colonies are quite unique, and through the refuges important facts have been brought out relating to migration and the development of the so-called sense of direction. It is quite clear from Mr. Palmer's statement that, so far from being useless and injurious, these Bird Refuges have been singularly interesting to ornithologists and even to casual visitors. The results have

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fully justified their establishment under President Roosevelt's direction.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL FAIRYLAND

So like a romance are the reports of new discoveries of ancient ruins and marvelous caves in Arizona, as given in a despatch from Denver printed in a St. Louis paper, that one would suspect either a hoax or exaggeration if it were not for the fact that the statement is made on the authority of Professor Edgar L. Hewett, the director of the American School of Archæology at Santa Fé. The account attributed to him begins by telling of his interest in an ancient bowl which had, in contrast with most ancient pottery, a square bottom and hieroglyphics entirely unlike those usual on Aztec pottery. Later, Professor Hewett discovered in old Spanish manuscripts references to "makers of square bowls;" and still later, in an extended study in Spain of manuscripts bearing upon Spanish occupation of the southwestern part of the United States centuries ago, he found similar references to these makers of square bowls as a strange people in the depths of a cañon in "the middle of a great desert." The story goes on to say that Dr. Hewett found a Navajo guide who knew of such a tradition, and set out with a small pack train into little-known regions of the Navajo country in Arizona. After traveling a week, he came to the unromantically named Squash Mountains. "Here, hidden in a cañon which is said to rival even the Grand Cañon for eerie scenic splendor, the fabled city was found." Dr. Hewett is quoted as finding in this cañon immense caves hewn hundreds of feet into the solid rock, with a staircase three hundred feet high, with steps carved regularly, and showing "the hollows made by millions of footsteps." On the floors of the cañon were innumerable ruins of stone huts of architecture unknown to explorers, while the ground was strewn with immense numbers of pieces of pottery, all having the typical square lines. Nowhere were found human remains; but on a huge natural stone bridge was a maze of hieroglyphics which Dr. Hewett believes would spell the history of a people "like and yet unlike the cliff-dwellers." The general view of the cañon is thus eloquently portrayed: "A vision of mammoth caves, magnificent chasms, and vaulted chambers in which the modern sky-scraper would be lost spread before me. Cliffs were spanned by seemingly natural bridges to erect which would try the skill of the most learned of modern engineers." The story declares that a more extended trip of exploration is planned this fall. If the whole fascinating romance is the product of the vivid imagination of a reporter, we trust that Professor Hewett will make that fact known; if, on the other hand, the story is genuine, it promises a novel and absorbing archæological romance.

"M. W. H."

No newspaper page in the country, probably, was better known than that in the Sunday edition of the New York Sun signed with the initials "M. W. H.;" and probably no existing feature of any American newspaper would be missed as sorely as will be the weekly review of some recent book by Mr. Mayo Williamson Hazeltine. Mr. Hazeltine's recent death ended a service to the New York Sun begun more than thirty years ago. His first work attracted the attention of Mr. Dana, a very shrewd judge of journalistic ability; and from that time he was one of the best-equipped editors of one of the best-known papers in the country. Unlike some of his associates, he approached his work with great seriousness of mind; and no one could read the page which he contributed weekly without recognizing its integrity of thought, its independence, and a thoroughness of treatment which meant an artistic conscience. Mr. Hazeltine was born in Boston and graduated from Harvard College, spent some time in further study in Oxford and on the Continent, prepared for admission to the bar, but had a strong leaning toward journalism, and followed the bent of his mind. He was a tireless reader and student of books, and had an extraordinary command of literature in several departments. Quiet, modest, and companionable with those who knew him well, he devoted his life to his specific work with quite as much concentration as did Sainte-Beuve. His interest lay largely with historical and biographical works, and with books dealing with literature or art which

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had a historical or biographical background. His power of getting at the facts presented in a book, or the positions taken, condensing them and giving the substance of a volume in a few columns, was almost unrivaled. It was often said that a reading of one of Mr. Hazeltine's reviews made the reading of the book unnecessary. If his work were brought together, it would be very impressive, not only by reason of its volume as an indication of colossal industry, but of its range and accuracy. Among trained journalists in America Mr. Hazeltine held a foremost place; and the quality of his work deserves more than a passing memorial.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY

When this issue of The Outlook reaches our more distant readers, the brief pageantry of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration will be over. The flags will be furled and put away, the imitation marble pillars will be split up for kindling-wood, the citizen soldiers will have resumed their peaceful vocations, the hotels will no longer be crowded with eager and sometimes impatient guests, and the rumble of the vehicles and the rattle of the trolley and the elevated will again salute the tired ears in lieu of the military bands and the shouting of the multitudes. What will remain? Anything? Are these few days to be only a glorification of a past which can never return? Or are they also to be an instruction and an inspiration for a life that still lies before us?

We have received at the hands of the past three great gifts: a land containing great material wealth, acquaintance with material forces that make this wealth available, and political institutions with great inspirational possibilities. The discoverers have given to us the first, the inventors the second, the statesmen the third. What use are we making, what use will our children make, of these gifts?

All material wealth and all material force depend for their value on the use to which they are put. The noble river which Hudson gave to us we may convert into an open sewer, we may pour into it the filth of all the towns and cities built upon its banks, we may turn its waters from a once beautiful blue to a dirty yellow, and convert this river of life into a tidal vehicle of disease and death. We may send quarrymen to mutilate its romantic cliffs and advertisers to paint its rocks with still more disfiguring signs. The forests, the mines, the water powers which other discoverers have given to us we may in turn give to any one who is sufficiently powerful, enterprising, or unscrupulous to seize upon them, and thus we may build up a feudalism more sordid than that which our fathers fondly hoped they had destroyed forever. By giving to the inventor of the steamboat an exclusive right to navigate our navigable waterways we might have made of them private property, and would have done so but for the intervention of our United States Supreme Court, which would have justified its existence if it had never done the country any other service than by the decision which made the navigable rivers of the continent forever the common highways of the people. By giving to other inventors and their grantees the exclusive right to build and own and operate our steam highways upon the land we have given over the control of our inland commerce to private monopoly, a control which our ablest lawyers are now endeavoring to recover for the people without the destructive process of an industrial revolution. By giving to still other inventors the exclusive right to use electricity as a method of intercommunication we have put our second most important means of converse into private control; thanks to the greater wisdom of our fathers, the most important means of converse, the post-office, was kept a National organization and under the Nation's control. Is not the printing-press a wonderful invention? Yes. But if it is used by an editor whose intelligence is that of a village gossip's tea-table, and whose morals are those of the "School for Scandal," if it is used to give wider circulation to lies and libels, or to foment prejudice and stimulate hostility between class and class, section and section, race and race, it is maleficent, not beneficent. Are not the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane wonderful inventions? Yes. But if they shall be used in future warfare, whether industrial or military, to drop down dynamite bombs upon unprotected cities, they

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will not prove admirable inventions. Carelessness may convert an automobile into an instrument of unintentional homicide; malice may use Bessemer steel in constructing a rapid-firing gun for wholesale slaughter.

These are truisms often repeated; but they need to be often repeated. We glorify the material resources of our country and the inventive genius of our people, and forget that the value of material resources depends upon the use to which we put them and the value of inventive genius upon the direction in which it is employed. The essential spirit of democracy is this: that the wealth of the land and the forces of nature belong to the people. Political liberty is not an end; it is a means to an end. The end is the common welfare. And the only ground for defending democracy is the faith that the people's interests will be better taken care of by the people than by a despot; that the perils to popular welfare from popular ignorance are less than those from class selfishness. The motive power of despotism has always been a sordid self-interest. Whether it was the patricians of ancient Rome, the nobles of Bourbon France, the landed gentry of feudal England, or the bureaucracy of modern Russia, the motive has always been the same—self-aggrandizement. The few have ruled the many that the few might be rich while the many remained poor. If Roman patricians, French nobles, English gentry, and Russian bureaucrats had used their wealth, their intelligence, and their power to equalize wealth, disseminate intelligence, and diffuse power, their despotism would have been both beneficent and short-lived. For a community in which wealth, intelligence, and power are equalized is a democratic community, whatever the form of government; and it is equally true that a community in which wealth, intelligence, and power are concentrated in the hands of a few is an oligarchic community, whatever label its masters allow it to wear. The battle in America is a new form of the old campaign: a battle between special privilege and universal welfare. Only the form, not the substance, of the conflict is changed. Plutocracy is only a more sordid form of oligarchy. The feudalism of wealth is only a less chivalric form of feudalism. And now that "the tumult and the shouting dies," we need to remember that in our Hall of Fame, by the side of the names of Hudson and Fulton, stand the names of Washington and Jefferson, of Hamilton and Lincoln, and we have reason to take a new resolve that the wealth which American discoverers have bequeathed to us and the power with which American inventors have equipped us shall be used, not to create a wealthy and luxurious class, but for the common welfare.

THE SOUL OF THE CELEBRATION

The celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria was probably the most impressive spectacle of the kind in modern times. Never before had the world-wide British Empire assembled in its capital; and in no modern city had so many races been represented at one time. The ends of the earth went up to London bearing the tributes of respect and affection to the venerable Queen. The brilliancy of the decorations, the splendor of the uniforms of officers and troops from Australia to India, the evidence on every side of the greatness of the Empire, dramatized a commemoration which reached its climax when the Queen drove across the Westminster Bridge, through the Surrey side, back into the old city of London, and thence to her palace, making a circuit of the old centers of the great modern town. In the presence of such a demonstration of the extent of English rule and the power of the Empire the note of exultation could hardly be suppressed. At the end, a small group of men who had been lunching together in the Reform Club were seated in the corner of the library in which Thackeray often wrote, when one of their number, a distinguished novelist, went to the newspaper rack, and came back with the London Times in his hands, saying, "I want to read you something," and with deep emotion read Kipling's "Recessional." On the instant it seemed as if the whole atmosphere of the celebration had been changed. What remained at

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the end was not a sense of strength nor a feeling of exultation in achievement, but profound realization of responsibility.

The Hudson-Fulton Celebration is on a much smaller scale than was the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee; but it has called together men and women from the length and breadth of the continent. It has thrown into striking relief the material growth of New York, the commercial importance of the Hudson, the wealth of the New World. Other countries are represented on this impressive and dramatic occasion. The world out of which America came and to which America owes so much—Holland, England, Germany, France, Italy—are flying their flags on the river. In the midst of this impressive exhibition of power, Bishop Greer has sent out for the use of the clergy of the Episcopal Church in this diocese a prayer which interprets the celebration in its deeper aspects, and sounds the note of moral and spiritual responsibility, as Kipling's "Recessional" sounded those notes in London twelve years ago. The Outlook reprints it as an expression of the soul of the Hudson-Fulton and of other commemorations of human achievement:

O Almighty God, who givest breath to every living thing and of whose power it is that peoples, nations, and kindreds of men stretch forth the curtains of their habitation, we give thee hearty thanks for that spirit of brave adventure to which this Nation owes its birth. We rejoice in the insuperable courage of those who, loving liberty and knowledge, have pushed away the veil of mountains and of seas and have sought light and freedom for themselves and their children; and we pray that thou wilt give to us the same spirit and make us a people worthy of these heroic ideals and traditions. Bless this land of promise with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Fashion into one happy people the multitude brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we intrust in thy name with the authority of governance, that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. And hasten the time, we pray thee, when all the peoples of the earth shall dwell together in righteousness and peace, and war shall be no more. All which we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

SECRETARY BALLINGER AND THE CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS

In his letter to Secretary Ballinger, the gist of which The Outlook published last week, President Taft did not undertake to pass judgment upon the question as to whether the Cunningham claims are fraudulent or valid; he confined himself very properly to asserting his belief that the Secretary's official and personal connection with these claims has been in no respect culpable or improper. There is every likelihood that when the President returns to Washington he will give his attention to some other aspects of these notorious claims—aspects which involve not merely the vast amount of wealth that the Cunningham claimants desire to obtain from the people of the United States without, in our opinion, making any adequate return therefor, but also some fundamental principles of government underlying the controversy.

The importance of coming to a right decision in the Cunningham claim controversy can hardly be overstated. It ought to take precedence over any question of tariff reform. Mistakes made to-day in tariff legislation or the executive application of the tariff law can be corrected in one year, in five years, or even in fifty years, so that our grandchildren need not suffer from the errors. If Congress should establish a prohibitive tariff to-morrow, that would not prevent a Congress ten years from now establishing free trade. If, however, the best coal lands in the territory of the United States which are yet undeveloped are turned over to private owners for private profit this autumn by the Interior Department, no conceivable act of legislation or of executive power can ever restore them to the people of the United States. And there is some danger that this is exactly what may happen unless the country pays some attention to the facts in the case.

What are these facts? More than five thousand acres of land in Alaska, accessible to tide water, containing deposits of a fine grade of anthracite and bituminous coal conservatively estimated to be worth one hundred and twenty-six millions of dollars, pre-empted under the Homestead

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Law, which permits individual settlers to take up small holdings of public land by quarter-sections of one hundred and sixty acres each, are consolidated in the Cunningham claim, through which the claimants are attempting to get a clear title to the entire property. If such a title is given by the Government, one hundred and twenty-six millions of dollars of the people's money will be literally given away for nothing to a group of capitalists. While Mr. James R. Garfield was Secretary of the Interior these claims were resisted as fraudulent. It was steadily asserted by the Department that the consolidation of the claims was a violation of the law. Continued investigation of the claims has been conducted by the Interior Department under the administration of Secretary Ballinger, who, President Taft has stated, a few months previous to his becoming a member of the Cabinet had acted as legal adviser for the Cunningham claimants.

There is unquestionable evidence that Mr. Ballinger's Department wished to push these claims to a speedy trial. Mr. Ballinger's sponsors declare that this was done simply to expedite Government business; his critics assert that it was done in order to establish private ownership in the claims before the country or Congress could have an opportunity of taking action upon them. The case has now been set for early trial at the General Land Office. Under all the circumstances, we do not think the Interior Department ought or can afford to validate these claims. If on the coming trial they are not pronounced fraudulent by Secretary Ballinger, or by his authority, they ought at least to be held for further and careful investigation. It has been reported to us on credible authority that at least one official of the Interior Department has said that the Government ought not to be "too hard" upon the Cunningham claimants. On the contrary, if there ever was a case in which the law should be applied with its utmost stringency, this is such a case. The fact that patents have been granted in former times to consolidated mineral and coal lands under a stretching of the law, which was sympathetic though free from corruption, is no precedent in this instance. If it should turn out, as we believe it will, that the coal lands covered by the Cunningham claims revert to the public domain because of illegal agreements of the original claimants, these lands should be held intact by the Government until Congress can pass the necessary legislation enabling the United States to own its public coal lands and lease them for private mining operations, as it now owns its public water powers and leases them under the law for development by private capital.

Secretary Ballinger can in no better way demonstrate to the country that President Taft was justified in saying to him, "You are fully in sympathy with the attitude of this Administration in favor of the conservation of National resources," than by making every possible legal effort to retain the Cunningham coal lands in the ownership of the United States, and by supporting with every proper influence at his command legislation which will enable the people of this country to lease their coal and mineral possessions instead of giving them away or selling them for trifling sums.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

The readers of Scribner's Magazine this month, no less than the editors and publishers, are to be congratulated on Mr. Roosevelt's first article, "African Game Trails." And the term readers of Scribner's Magazine will in this case, we imagine, include an exceedingly large proportion of American readers. Their pleasure will not only lie in reading the direct, vigorous, and fresh impressions of a man of Mr. Roosevelt's type in a new country and among extraordinary surroundings, but it will also reflect the universal inter st in all that pertains to Theodore Roosevelt's marked personality. That this interest is, in fact, keen in a degree that is hardly true of any other living American, has been shown in the assiduity with which every movement of Mr. Roosevelt since his leaving the White House has been reported and commented upon in the press. Often these comments have been based on insufficient information and have resulted in erroneous impressions. This has been especially true of the careless and often ridiculous allegations about the hunting plans of this expedition. Not

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long ago we quoted from a letter received at this office from Mr. Roosevelt in which he ridiculed the charge of "brutal butcheries," and asserted his belief that the average American would not make up a final judgment on the matter until he read the authentic account of what has been done by the expedition. He added: "I can be condemned only if the existence of the National Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, and all similar zoölogical collections are to be condemned." It is peculiarly interesting, to us at least, to find that in his first article Mr. Roosevelt draws a proper distinction on this point in an epigrammatic sentence. "Game butchery," he says, "is as objectionable as any other form of wanton cruelty or barbarity; but to protest against all hunting of game is a sign of softness of head, not of soundness of heart." In a paragraph elsewhere in this paper we quote a letter from a Government expert on the value of the Bird Refuges established at Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion. This is only one incident among many known to people really interested in the general subject which might be quoted showing Mr. Roosevelt's long-continued activity in preventing cruelty, aiding the preservation of desirable game, and keeping the sport of hunting within reasonable bounds. In the article in Scribner's he writes with enthusiasm of the African game preserves, and lays down this general principle:

> Game reserves should not be established where they are detrimental to the interests of large bodies of settlers, nor yet should they be nominally established in regions so remote that the only men really interfered with are those who respect the law, while a premium is thereby put on the activity of the unscrupulous persons who are eager to break it. Similarly, game laws should be drawn primarily in the interest of the whole people, keeping steadily in mind certain facts that ought to be self-evident to every one above the intellectual level of those well-meaning persons who apparently think that all shooting is wrong, and that man could continue to exist if all wild animals were allowed to increase unchecked. There must be recognition of the fact that almost any wild animal of the defenseless type, if its multiplication were unchecked while its natural enemies, the dangerous carnivores, were killed, would, by its simple increase, crowd man off the planet; and of the further fact that, far short of such increase, a time speedily comes when the existence of too much game is incompatible with the interests, or indeed the existence, of the cultivator. As in most other matters, it is only the happy mean which is healthy and rational.

In point of fact, as has already been stated in these columns, no game has been killed by the Roosevelt expedition, with the exception of a very few animals needed for food, which has not been intended for preservation and exhibition in the National Museum at Washington.

It need not be said that Mr. Roosevelt found British East Africa alive with interest to the student of human civilization as well as to the hunter. He points out that never has the contrast been more strong and striking between a high civilization and "a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts" upon which that civilization has been suddenly thrust than in British East Africa in recent years. So new to modern exact knowledge is this part of the country that "the map of Ptolemy in the second century of our era gave a more accurate view of the lakes, mountains, and head waters of the Nile than the maps published at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, just before Speke, Grant, and Baker made their great trips of exploration and adventure." Even now this region, he says, does not differ greatly from what it was in Europe in the late Pleistocene. He adds:

> The comparison is not fanciful. The teeming multitudes of wild creatures, the stupendous size of some of them, the terrible nature of others, and the low culture of many of the savage tribes, especially of the hunting tribes, substantially reproduced the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization. The great beasts that now live in East Africa were in that bygone age represented by close kinsfolk in Europe; and in many places, up to the present moment, African man, absolutely naked, and armed as our early paleolithic ancestors were armed, lives among, and on, and in constant dread of, these beasts, just as was true of the men to whom the cave lion was a nightmare of terror, and the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros possible but most formidable prey.

This country, with its wonderful game preserves, which Mr. Roosevelt calls "zoölogical gardens," with its hordes of lions, elephants, buffalo, rhinoceros—the four most dangerous of the world's big

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game—with its singular mixture of races, native and foreign, is described by Mr. Roosevelt with a vividness of first impression that would hardly be present in the writing of a professed scientist or hunter for commercial purposes. As a narrative the article is surpassed in interest by nothing which has been written on Africa, and it abounds in incidents of personal happenings, such as a stoppage of the telegraph service because the wires had been knocked down by giraffes, and the narrow escape of the party's railway train from running over a hyena in the dusk.

We venture to quote in full the list of books in the "Pigskin Library" as of special interest just now by way of comparison with Dr. Eliot's "five-foot shelf library," although it should be added that Mr. Roosevelt's list is not intended for the same purpose as Dr. Eliot's, and that, as he states, it represents in part his son's taste as well as his own and includes in no way "all the books we most care for, but merely those which, for one reason or another, we thought we should like to take on this particular trip:"

Bible.
Apocrypha.
Borrow: "Bible in Spain," "Zingali," "Lavengro," "Wild Wales," "The Romany Rye."
Shakespeare.
Spenser: "Faerie Queene."
Marlowe.
Mahan: "Sea Power."
Macaulay: History, Essays, Poems.
Homer: Iliad, Odyssey.
La Chanson de Roland.
"Nibelungenlied."
Carlyle: "Frederick the Great."
Shelley: Poems.
Bacon: Essays.
Lowell: Literary Essays, "Biglow Papers."
Emerson: Poems.
Longfellow.
Tennyson.
Poe: Tales, Poems.
Keats.
Milton: "Paradise Lost" (Books I and II).
Dante: "Inferno" (Carlyle's translation).
Holmes: "Autocrat," "Over the Teacups."
Bret Harte: Poems, "Tales of the Argonauts," "Luck of Roaring Camp."
Browning: Selections.
Crothers: "Gentle Reader."
Mark Twain: "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer."
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
Euripides (Murray's translation): "Hippolytus," "Bacchæ."
The Federalist.
Gregorovius: "Rome."
Scott: "Legend of Montrose," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "Rob Roy," "Antiquary."
Cooper: "Pilot," "Two Admirals."
Froissart.
Percy's Reliques.
Thackeray: "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis."
Dickens: "Mutual Friend," "Pickwick."

It is really remarkable that a man in the midst of the exciting experiences Mr. Roosevelt is having in Africa can find the time and feel the mood to write such an article, one that is not a mere diary, but has real literary quality.

LITERARY PORTRAITS AND MEMORIES

American literature is not rich in intimate histories of past periods, pictures of vanished men and women of gift and grace, and two such volumes as Mr. Low's "Chronicles of Friendship," already noticed in The Outlook, and Mr. Winter's "Old Friends" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) appearing within a few months make the lover of the brief but honorable annals of American art in all forms grateful. Mr. Winter is perhaps best known to the world as a dramatic critic associated with the New York Tribune for more than forty years, a position to which he gave distinction by reason of his intimate knowledge of the drama and the theater, his outspoken condemnation of vulgarity and sham on the stage, and his scathing denunciation of the gross and insinuating immorality with which some play-writers and managers have defaced the theater and defamed humanity during the past few years. To a large group of friends and readers Mr. Winter has long been known as the author of a series of charming little volumes of essays, studies of Shakespearean themes, descriptions of English scenery, criticisms of plays and writers, and as a poet whose lyrical gift is of a notable sweetness and grace.

Although a critic with a trenchant and sometimes caustic pen in his hand, Mr. Winter is a devoted lover of his friends and of the persons and standards that interpret his ideals of life, and "Old Friends" is a record of his good fortune in the adventures of friendships, his devout admira-

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tion of some of the literary men of his youth who were the leaders of American thought, his generous fellowship with the men of his own generation. He writes with vivid freshness of feeling of Longfellow, Holmes, Taylor, Aldrich, Curtis, Dickens, Lowell, Stedman; and his reports of these well-known writers are in a vein of affectionate eulogy, but not of monotonous praise. The lyrical note in Mr. Winter's style is in his heart also, and some of his tributes are devout in their reverence. They are, however, not lacking in incident and humor. To the world outside his own doors Longfellow was the embodiment of formal courtesy and dignity. Mr. Winter brings out another side of his character:

It is not every poet who possesses the sense of humor. The lack of that sense in Wordsworth caused effects that are lamentable. Tennyson mistakenly considered himself to be strongly humorous, and when likened to Shelley, he replied, almost resentfully, "But Shelley had no humor." Tennyson could be playful—sometimes grimly and bitterly so, sometimes sweetly and merrily so—but his humor was lambent. Longfellow's sense of humor, on the contrary, though gentle, was acute, and nothing comic escaped him. Among the relics that he especially treasured was an inkstand once the property of Coleridge. One day, showing that relic to a stranger who had called on him, he said, "Perhaps 'The Ancient Mariner' was written from this." "Yes," said his visitor, "and 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' who done that?" Another visitor, on asking his age and being told it was seventy, remarked, "I've seen many men of your age who looked much younger than you do." A Newport bookseller said to him, "Why, you look more like a sea captain than a poet." An admirer of the epistolary order wrote to him, saying, "Please send your autograph in your own handwriting." He has recorded a characteristic dialogue with a strange lady, in black garments, who accosted him one summer morning at his house door.

"Is this the house where Longfellow was born?"

"No, he was not born here."

"Did he die here?"

"No, he is not dead."

"Are you Longfellow?"

"I am."

"I thought you died two years ago."

That recalls the intelligent remark made to Walter Savage Landor by a lady who wished to compliment him on his "Pericles and Aspasia." "Mr. Landor," she said, "I haven't had time to read your 'Periwinkles and Asparagus,' but I hear it is very good."

. . . At another time he [Longfellow] mentioned an amusing instance of the awkward compliment with which famous men are not infrequently favored. "A stranger," he said, "was introduced to me at Newport, who, seizing my hand, most effusively exclaimed: 'Sir, I have long desired to know you. Sir, I am one of the few men who have read your "Evangeline."' And it is to himself that the lover of humor is indebted for record of the ingenuous remark made to him by an Englishwoman who, with a party of fellow-travelers, called on the American poet. "As there are no ruins in this country," said the felicitous speaker, "we thought that we would come and see you."

From the point of view of literary history the most valuable chapters of Mr. Winter's reminiscences are those which give us sketches of the writers in New York who formed a local Bohemia just before the Civil War, among whom some of the most prominent and promising later established themselves in the ranks of working and successful men of letters. Others, perhaps equally promising, fell by the way. Of the group that met from time to time in the café or restaurant of the broad-waisted Pfaff, Mr. Winter gives this glimpse:

The group, seldom complete, included Clapp, Howland, Wilkins, O'Brien, George Arnold, Frank Wood, Charles Dawson Shanly, N. G. Shepherd, Charles D. Gardette, Walt Whitman, Thomas Blades de Walden, W. L. Symonds, T. B. Aldrich, Edward Mullen, and the writer of these words. Once in a while at night the table became surrounded. One such occasion I recall when the humorist "Artemus Ward" (Charles F. Browne) made his first appearance there, accompanied by an acquaintance whose name he mentioned, and whom he gleefully commanded to take a seat. "Don't be afraid," he said, "they won't hurt you. These are Bohemians. A Bohemian is an educated hoss-thief." On another such occasion, Mr. W. D. Howells, now the voluminous and celebrated novelist—he whose effulgent criticism has, to the consternation of the literary world, dimmed the shining stars of Scott and Thackeray—came into the cave, especially, as afterward was divulged, for the purpose of adoring the illustrious Whitman. Mr. Howells at that time was a respectable youth, in black raiment, who had only just entered on the path to glory, while Whitman, by reason of that odoriferous classic, the "Leaves of Grass," was in possession of the local Parnassus. The meeting, of course, was impressive. Walt at that time affected the Pompadour style of shirt and jacket—making no secret of his brawny anatomy—and his hirsute chest and complacent visage were, as usual, on liberal exhibition; and he tippled a little brandy and water and received his admir-

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er's homage with characteristic benignity. There is nothing like genius, unless possibly it may be leather.

One of the most brilliant of these Bohemians was the gifted Irishman who wrote "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wondersmith," which awakened widespread interest when they appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. "A wild bird and a wanderer," Mr. Winter, recalling Byron, calls him:

Like many persons of the Irish race, O'Brien was impetuous in temper and "sudden and quick in quarrel." At one time he consorted with a Scotch comrade, Donald McLeod, author of a novel called "Pynnshurst," and they were obliged to occupy the same bed. Once, after they had retired for slumber, an angry dispute occurred between them relative to the question of Irish or Scotch racial superiority. O'Brien was aggressively positive as to the predominant merit of the Irish. McLeod was violent in assertion of the incomparable excellence of the Scotch. "I will not tolerate your insolence," said McLeod. "You can do as you please," said O'Brien. "I will demand satisfaction," shouted McLeod; "a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning." "Very well," answered O'Brien, at the same time pulling the blanket over himself, "you know where to find me in the morning." Both the belligerents were sincere in their ferocious intention, but neither of them could resist the suddenly comic aspect of their dispute, and so the quarrel ended in a laugh. The incident was related by O'Brien.

. . . As to O'Brien, friendship had to be charitable toward infirmities of character and errors of conduct. He lacked both moral courage and intellectual restraint. He was wayward, choleric, defiant, sometimes almost savage; but he was generous in disposition and capable of heroism, and his works afford abundant evidence of the imagination that accompanies genius and the grace that authenticates literary art. Among my Bohemian comrades he was the most admired. His poem of "The Fallen Star," already mentioned, contains stanzas in which, unconsciously, he revealed the better part of his own nature, with some part of his own experience, and which pathetically indicate the writer's personality and the influence it diffused:

"A brilliant boy that I once knew,
In far-off, happy days of old,
With sweet, frank face and eyes of blue,
And hair that shone like gold;

"A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong,
A laugh infectious in its glee,
A voice as beautiful as song
When heard along the sea.

"Like fruit upon a southern slope,
He ripened on all natural food—
The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
The sunlight's golden blood;

"And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard,
The fragments of a song scarce learned,
The essays of a bird."

Of Charles Farrar Browne, who became widely known as Artemus Ward, one of the earlier American humorists, Mr. Winter gives a very attractive pen-picture: a kindly, droll, serious-looking man, full of fun and friendliness, and given to jokes, practical and unpractical:

In fact, about three o'clock in the morning, when we had been merrymaking with gay companions, we repaired, upon his invitation, to the hotel in which he then lodged, the Jones House, at the southeast corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street, New York, a pleasant abode long ago demolished. On reaching his room, he hastily summoned a servant, and, after ordering that copious refreshment should be provided, he earnestly inquired, with an imposing aspect of solemnity, an aspect by which I was completely deceived, whether it would be possible to arouse the landlord. The servant hesitated.

"It is late, sir," he said.

"I know it is late," replied Artemus, "but I have a message for him of the utmost importance. It is urgent, and I am sure he will be glad to receive it. Do you think you could wake him?"

"Yes, sir; I could wake him, if you—"

"Well—I will see that you are not blamed. Will you remember what I say, and be careful to deliver the message exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, give him my compliments; be sure you mention my name; he's an old friend of mine; he'll be delighted to hear from me. Wake him, and tell him, and speak distinctly, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him, with my very kindest regards, that—the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

There is plenty of serious matter in Mr. Winter's very readable account of men whose names are fading out of the general memory, and whose gifts, eccentricities, and good fellowship he piously preserves; while the fuller reports of writers like Longfellow, Holmes, Stedman, and Aldrich, who were Mr. Winter's early or later friends, will be read with interest not only by contemporary readers, but by students of our literature in the future.

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COMMANDER PEARY'S RETURN

BY GEORGE KENNAN

STAFF CORRESPONDENT FOR THE OUTLOOK

Mr. Kennan, the famous Siberian explorer, as the representative of The Outlook, went to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, to meet Commander Peary on his return to civilization. In an interesting letter printed in The Outlook last week Mr. Kennan told the story of the long wait at Sydney made necessary by the unexpected delay of the ship Roosevelt at Battle Harbor. In the following letter he furnishes an intimate personal view of the great explorer and his reappearance to the civilized world.—THE EDITORS.

THE Roosevelt sailed from Battle Harbor, Labrador, early on the morning of Saturday, September 18, and was therefore due at Sydney sometime Monday. The first point from which she could be seen and reported was from the small rocky island St. Paul, which rises from the Gulf of St. Lawrence twelve or fifteen miles beyond the northern end of Cape Breton Island and about seventy-five miles north of Sydney. A cablegram from this point announced that she was passing at nine o'clock Monday morning.

It had been Mrs. Peary's intention to send her daughter, Marie, and Robert, Jr., to meet their father at the mouth of the harbor, and to wait for him herself in the hotel; but when Mr. James Ross, of Montreal, extended to her the hospitality of his large and luxuriously furnished steam yacht Sheelah, and offered to take her to meet the Roosevelt far out at sea, she changed her plans and accepted the invitation.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Ross I was asked to accompany Mrs. Peary and the American Consul, Mr. Kehl, and at half past one on Monday afternoon we went on board, steamed out of the harbor and ran up along the high, picturesque Cape Breton coast in the direction of St. Paul's Island. We expected to meet the Roosevelt somewhere off Bay St. Ann's about three o'clock, but hour after hour passed without bringing her within the limits of vision, and at half-past five, when we were more than fifty miles from Sydney, nothing could be seen to northward except the sails of two or three fishing-boats—faint polygons of pearly white on the sharp horizon line.

Shortly after six we caught sight of St. Paul's, the island which the Roosevelt was supposed to have passed that morning, but still there was no sign of her, and ten or fifteen minutes later we gave up the search, put about, and ran down the coast toward Sydney, with a glorious tropical sunset of scarlet, crimson, and gold flaming over the violet haze that filled the deep wild ravines in the mountains back of Ingonish. After two long weeks of hope deferred it was hard for Mrs. Peary to give up seeing her husband that evening, but she bore the disappointment bravely and said when she bade us good-night, "He will surely come to-morrow." We subsequently learned that at the very moment when we turned back the Roosevelt was off St. Paul's Island, and that if we had gone on we should have met her within an hour. She anchored there so as not to reach her destination in darkness, while we steamed back and spent the night in Sydney harbor.

At the first glimmer of dawn the Sheelah got under way and again ran up the Cape Breton coast. About seven o'clock on one of the most beautiful sunshiny mornings imaginable, Mr. Jack Ross came down from the bridge and announced, "She's in sight, about eight miles away on the port bow." The captain of the Sheelah slowed down his engines, so as to give Mrs. Peary time to get a cup of coffee and a mouthful to eat, but, notwithstanding this delay, the Roosevelt before eight o'clock was abeam and seemed about to pass us without notice. Her crew appeared to regard the Sheelah merely as a pleasure yacht bound north, and Commander Peary evidently did not expect his wife and children to meet him thirty or forty miles at sea before breakfast. When, however, we blew our shrill, quavering siren whistle, which seemed piercing and insistent enough to raise the

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dead, the old queer-shaped, rusty-looking Flying Dutchman from the Polar Sea began to show signs of interest.

Turning sharply to port, we ran across her wake, catching a few whiffs of a most ancient and fishlike smell as we passed under her stern, and then, turning sharply again to port, we ranged up alongside and to the windward of her, at a distance of only fifty yards. Commander Peary meanwhile had made his appearance on deck in a gray jersey, a short Arctic jacket with fur cuffs and a big fur collar, and a soft creased alpine felt hat. As we drew up alongside he gazed intently at his wife and children through a marine glass, but he was apparently so astonished and excited, or so absorbed in looking at them, that the idea of shouting or waving his hat to them did not occur to him, although we were so near that with a glass you could see the nervous twitching of the muscles of his face.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Peary, Miss Peary, and little flaxen-haired Robert, Jr., were in a boat manned by four sailors from the Sheelah and steered by Mr. James Ross. Crossing the narrowing strip of water that separated the two vessels, they caught a line and climbed the rope ladder to the Roosevelt's blood-and-grease-stained deck; and there the devoted wife, who had with unfaltering courage borne separation and loneliness for almost half her lifetime, was clasped in the arms of her husband, who, through her heroic self-denial and self-sacrifice, had been able to achieve, at last, the object of his life ambition.

For fifteen or twenty minutes husband and wife were shut up together in his stateroom, and when they came out, he was so boyishly and exuberantly happy that he caught his daughter by the waist and waltzed with her around the deck. The sailors of the Roosevelt, meanwhile, had taken charge of Robert, Jr., and were showing him something hidden in a box on the forecastle. Presently we heard him shouting to us in childish treble: "They've got some young foxes; come over and look at 'em." Even a distinguished father just from the North Pole was temporarily eclipsed by a litter of young foxes.

For half an hour the neat white pleasure yacht Sheelah and the dirty black polar-exploring steamer Roosevelt lay motionless side by side off the rugged coast of Cape Breton Island. They did not differ much in size, but they presented the most extraordinary contrast in architecture, furnishings, and general appearance that has ever been seen in Nova Scotian waters. Shortly before nine o'clock Mr. Ross returned to the Sheelah, leaving Mrs. Peary and her children on the Roosevelt. Commander Peary put on the conventional dress of civilization, which his wife had brought to him in a suit-case, and the captains of both steamers put them in holiday attire by hanging from mast to mast and from mastheads to bulwarks long strips of brightly colored signal flags and pennants. Captain Bartlett also hoisted at the end of the main gaff a large American flag bearing the words North Pole in letters a foot high on a strip of white bunting run diagonally from the inside upper to the outside lower corner. A few moments later the captain of the Sheelah rang the bell for full speed ahead, and, waving our caps to Commander and Mrs. Peary, we steamed away toward Sydney, leaving the Roosevelt floating motionless on the blue rippled water, making an impressive picture with her black sides, her rusty, abraded waterline, her high overhanging bow, her grimy deck-houses, her lofty white crow's-nest, her fluttering pennants, and her huge North Pole flag floating out from the end of her main gaff.

We reached Sydney before noon, and found the city and shipping ablaze with flags and the shores of the harbor crowded with people waiting for the Roosevelt's arrival. Scores of gayly decorated yachts and a power launch filled with young girls dressed in white and carrying flowers went down the harbor to meet her; and shortly after one o'clock she steamed slowly up abreast of the city in the midst of a whole flotilla of flag-decorated passenger steamers, yachts, tugs, motor boats, steam launches, rowboats, and Peterborough canoes. It is estimated that fifteen thousand people witnessed her arrival, and at least five thousand crowded into the streets along the water front when Peary landed, drove to the Sydney Hotel, and made a short speech from the carriage

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in response to the welcoming address of the Mayor. It is doubtful whether he would have had a more cordial reception if Sydney had been an American city.

Captain Bartlett, however, made a mistake in bringing the Roosevelt to the pier instead of anchoring her out in the stream. When I went on board with a permit to inspect her, I found her in possession of a disorderly mob of four or five hundred people of all sorts and conditions, and regarded myself as lucky to escape from her with any clothes at all on my back. A friend from New York who accompanied me drew a long breath when he got ashore, and said, "Roosevelt always was too blame popular, anyway." This army of vandals practically looted the ship, carrying away dishes, knives and forks, books, kodaks, and even the scientific notes and records of Professor McMillan. None of these things have yet been recovered.

As soon as Commander Peary had a few moments of leisure he was good enough to come to my room and talk to me about his polar experiences. He did not care to say anything about Dr. Cook, but he answered without hesitation questions that I put to him concerning the limits of the possible in sledging over polar ice. All that he told me confirmed me in the belief—that of an old dog-sledger—that it was an absolute physical impossibility for Dr. Cook to remain in field for eighty-two days, as he says he did, with no other food than that which he carried with him when he started. Eighty-two days' food for men and dogs, with fuel, spare clothing, and camp equipment, cannot be handled on polar ice by three men with two sledges and twenty-six dogs, no matter what the nature of the food may be. Nor can three men travel incessantly over polar ice for eighty-two days on any amount of food that they can take on two sledges at the start, even if they kill half their dogs and feed them to the survivors. Peary's standard load was five hundred pounds per sledge. Dr. Cook would have had to take on his two sledges for eighty-two days loads two or three times as heavy a weight as Peary's standard, and it would have been almost impossible to get such loads across pressure ridges between floes. Neither can three men travel 1,140 nautical miles over pack ice with only two sledges and not have such sledges either seriously injured or smashed. In going a much shorter distance Peary had nine sledges out of nineteen put out of commission. Finally, according to Dr. Cook's account, in his outward and return journeys from Annootok to the Pole and back to Jones Sound, he covered, in a single sledging season, about twenty-five degrees of latitude. I believe the highest record previously made by a sledging party in a single season was about eleven degrees.

At one period in my life I spent three consecutive winters in Siberia, and was engaged most of the time in exploring the desolate, almost uninhabited region that lies between the Arctic Ocean and the Okhotsk Sea. In the course of this experience I had to consider and solve many times and under varying conditions the problems of Arctic transportation that involved the elements of time, distance, and food; and I ultimately acquired what may fairly be called an expert judgment with regard to the distance that an unsupported dog-sledge party could go, with the food that it could carry in that field. We did not have pressure-ridges or leads of open water to reckon with, but we did have to consider temperatures of from fifty to seventy degrees below zero and blinding blizzards that would sometimes hold a party motionless in one camp for a whole week. In some parts of our field we could not count with any certainty on being able to feed our dogs with game, and we therefore had to figure very closely on the time we could remain in the field, and the distance we could cover, with the dog food we could carry on our sledges.

In the light of this experience, I read Dr. Cook's narrative; and one of the first things to give me a feeling of distrust was the extraordinary length of time that he said he spent in the field without supporting sledges, without caches of provisions, and without killing any game. Turn to his account of his journey as printed in The Outlook of September 11, and compute from his own figures the time that elapsed between the day when he began his "final dash" over the circumpolar ice with two sledges and twenty-six dogs, and

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the day when "the sky cleared" and he found himself "far down in Crown Prince Gustav Sea." I make it as follows:

	Days.
Beginning of "final dash," March 21, to arrival at the Pole, April 21.....	31
Departure from Pole, April 23, to arrival at latitude 84, May 24.....	31
Departure from latitude 84, May 24, to killing of bears in Crown Prince Gustav Sea, 20 days later.....	20
Total.....	82

It thus appears, from Dr. Cook's own figures, that between the time when he sent back his last supporting sledge and began his circumpolar "dash," in March, and the time when the "sky cleared" and the Gustav Sea "bears came along as life-savers," in June, he spent eighty-two days, or nearly twelve weeks, on the ice, without a pound of food other than that which he had on his two sledges when he started.

As I read these remarkable statements and made mentally these surprising computations, I asked myself, "Could one of our sledging parties have made such a record as this in Siberia?" and I had to say to myself, "Most emphatically, no!" Nor do I believe that it could have been done anywhere else. Consider for a moment the probable weight of the food that he would have had to take with him for an eighty-two-day trip over polar ice. His dog food, apparently, consisted of the flesh of musk-oxen, since he had killed more than a hundred of these animals shortly before he began his final dash. Musk-ox flesh, from the point of view of portability, is not a good dog food, because it contains a high percentage of water and is very heavy in proportion to the amount of nourishment that it affords. When, in Siberia, we could not get dried salmon and had to feed our dogs with reindeer meat—which corresponds roughly with musk-ox flesh—we considerably increased the weight of the daily ration. I don't know how much musk-ox flesh would go to a dog ration in Arctic America, but in Siberia we should expect to give a hard-working dog, in very low temperatures, at least one pound and three-quarters of dried salmon, or two pounds and a half of reindeer meat, a day. If we were forced to outfit with the latter food, we should provide at least twenty-five pounds a day for a team of eleven dogs; and if we were going over a rough country, and had to make rapid time, we should not expect to carry more than about eight hundred pounds, or a supply for one month. I once took dog food for thirty days on a trip from Anadyrsk toward Bering Strait, and it was piled up on my sledge almost chin-high. Now, in order to stay eighty-two days in the field, with twenty-six dogs, Dr. Cook would have had to start from the northern end of Heiberg Island with 5,000 pounds of dog food loaded on two sledges, to say nothing of fuel, camp equipage, spare clothing, and twelve weeks' food for three men. In other words, twenty-six dogs would have had to "dash" out over the polar ice with a load of nearly three tons. I do not believe that it would have been possible to carry such a load even over a smooth Siberian tundra. Of course Dr. Cook might have started with only half this quantity of musk-ox flesh, and might have lessened his consumption by gradually killing his dogs; but, in that case, he could hardly have remained eighty-two days in the field and made 1,140 nautical miles over polar ice, even if he fed dog to dog and ate dog until there were no dogs left.

Scott, Shackleton, Peary, and all recent explorers who have made polar records either laid out caches of provisions far in advance or took supporting sledges with them; and in many cases they practiced both of these methods. In his last and successful polar dash Peary used four supporting parties in covering an out-and-return distance of about eight hundred miles, while Dr. Cook had no supporting parties in an out-and-return distance which, according to his statements, was about eleven hundred and forty miles. As a dog-sledger of some experience I do not believe it possible either to carry five thousand pounds of dog food on two sledges or to remain eighty-two days in the field without supporting parties, food deposits, or game supplies.

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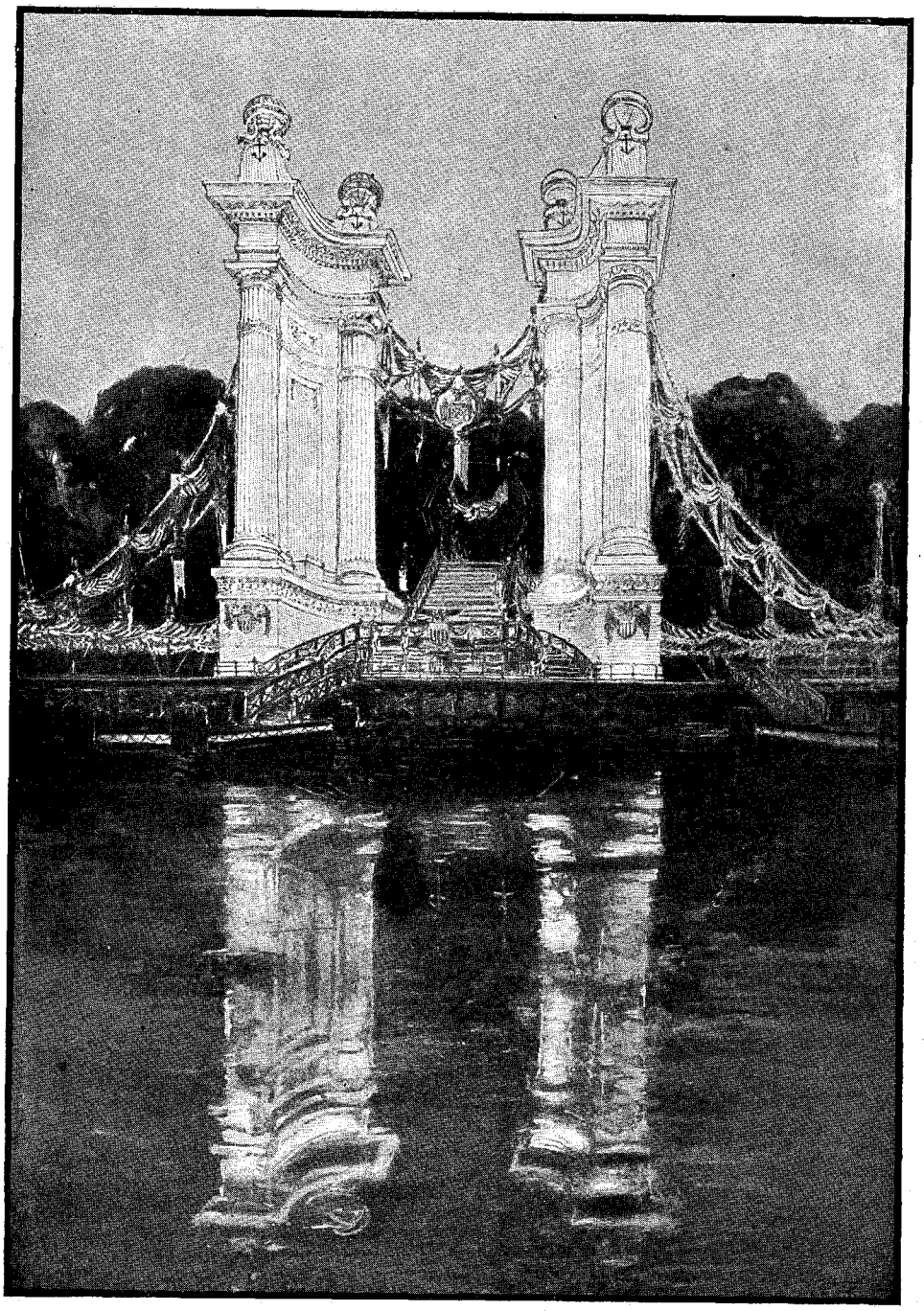

THE WATER GATE

Perhaps the most picturesque single decorative feature of New York's Hudson-Fulton Celebration is this inposing Water Gate at the river front of One Hundred and Tenth Street. It was designed by Henry Hornbostel and George Otis Post. This is the official landing-place for naval guests, and at the foot of its esplanade, 200 feet long, are landing-stages to accommodate twenty or more launches. Last Saturday it was admired by many thousands of people in the great naval parade. "The architects," says the Chairman of the Naval Parade, Captain Miller, "for three years, and without remuneration, have given their time to the marine improvement of Riverside Drive. To them and to the Commissioner of Docks and Ferries and the Commissioner of Parks the Nation and New York both owe a great debt of gratitude"

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Henry Hudson's Last Voyage

By Henry van Dyke

ONE sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one, God knows! For never ship
But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
These waters greater grown than any since
We left the shore of England. We were first,
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And floes to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
I name it! and that flying sail is mine!
And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
My ship Discoverie!

The sullen dogs
Of mutineers, the bitches' whelps that snatched
Their food and bit the hand that nurtured them,
Have stolen her! You ingrate Henry Greene,
I picked you from the gutter of Houndsditch,
I paid your debts, and kept you in my house,
And brought you here to make a man of you.
You, Robert Juet, ancient, crafty man,
Toothless and tremulous, how many times
Have I employed you as a mate of mine
To give you bread! And you, Abacuck Prickett,
You sailor-clerk, you salted puritan,
You knew the plot and silently agreed,
Salving your conscience with a pious lie.
Yes, all of you,—hounds, rebels, thieves! Bring back
My ship!

Too late—I rave—they cannot hear
My voice: and if they heard, a drunken laugh
Would be their answer. For their minds have caught
The fatal firmness of the fool's resolve,
That looks like courage but is only fear.
They'll blunder on, and lose my ship, and drown,—
Or blunder home to England and be hanged.
Their skeletons will rattle in the chains
Of some tall gibbet on the Channel cliffs,

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While passing sailors point to them and say,
"Those are the rotten bones of Hudson's men,
Who left their captain in the frozen North!"

O God of justice, why hast Thou ordained,
Plans of the wise and actions of the brave
Dependent on the aid of fools and cowards?

Look—there she goes—her topsails in the sun
Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,
You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
Freely to share with us the shallop's fate,
Rather than travel in the hell-bound ship,—
Too good an English sailor to desert
These crippled comrades,—try to make them rest
More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
My little shipmate, come and lean your head
Upon your father's knee. Do you recall
That April day in Ethelburga's church,
Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
To take the sacrament, with all our company,
Before the Hopewell left St. Catherine's docks
On our first voyage? Then it was I vowed
My sailor-soul and yours to search the sea
Until we found the water-path that leads
From Europe into Asia.
I believe
That God has poured the ocean round His world,
Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
And all the English seamen who have dared
In little ships to plow uncharted waves—
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
Raleigh and Gilbert—all the other names—
Are written in the chivalry of God
As men who served His purpose. I would claim
A place among that knighthood of the sea:
And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
For mark me well. The honor of our life
Derives from this: to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and along the path we find
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!

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I know not why, but something in my heart
Has always whispered, "Westward seek your aim."
Four times they sent me east, but still my prow
Turned west again, and felt among the floes
Of ruttling ice along the Gröneland coast,
And down the rugged shores of Newfoundland,
And past the rocky capes and sandy bays
Where Gosnold sailed,—like one who feels his way
With outstretched hand across a darkened room,—
I groped among the inlets and the isles,
To find the passage to the Isles of Spice.
I have not found it yet—but I have found
Things worth the finding!

Son, have you forgot
Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship Half-Moon—
The flag of Holland floating at her peak—
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the waves:
And so we bore to westward, past the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
Was troubled by a downward-rolling flood
That seemed to come from far away—perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?
We followed that wide waterway, by palisades
Of naked rock where giants might have held
Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;
And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
Upstream, to find—what I already knew—
We sailed upon a river, not a strait!

But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men

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Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale
The many-colored mantle of their crops.
I see the terraced vineyards on the slopes
Where now the wild grape loops the tangled wood;
And cattle feeding where the red deer roam;
And wild bees gathered into busy hives
To store the silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine,—
The thread that links a hundred towns and towers!
All this I see, and when it comes to pass
I prophesy a city on the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth,—
The gateway city of a golden world,—
A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a busy host of men,
While to her open door, across the bay,
The ships of all the nations flock like doves!
My name will be remembered there, for men
Will say, "This river and this bay were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

Yes, yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,
My great adventure, pole-star of my heart!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
The channel opens to the Orient,—
I know it,—and some day a little ship
Will enter there and battle safely through!
And why not ours—to-morrow—who can tell?
We hold by hope as long as life endures:
These are the longest days of all the year,
The world is round, and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
So point her up, John King, nor'west by north!
We'll keep the honor of a certain aim
Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

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SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE REASON

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—I Thess. v. 19-21.

WE are counseled by Paul to keep alive our spiritual nature and to honor those who possess it in larger measure than ourselves. But we are also cautioned not to accept as true all that the prophets say, nor even all that we think we have experienced. We are to test both their visions and ours and hold fast only those which stand the test of practical reason. If to believe that men can directly and immediately take cognizance of realities which the senses cannot perceive is to be a mystic, then Paul is a mystic. But if to believe that what this inward sense declares is to be accepted with an unquestioning faith, that this voice within is the infallible voice of God to be followed without doubt and without demanding credentials—if this is to be a mystic, Paul is not a mystic. If to believe that every such inward testimony, whether from our own experience or from the experience of others, is to be brought before the tribunal of reason and then investigated, that no faith is so sound and no tradition so ancient that it may be accepted without question—if this is to be a rationalist, then Paul was a rationalist. If to believe that the reason is the only faculty for the ascertainment of truth, that we are to entertain no opinion as true unless it has been demonstrated by the reason, that all convictions must be reasoned convictions—if this is to be a rationalist, then Paul was not a rationalist. For, I repeat, the four aphorisms, Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good, constitute in aphoristic form Paul's philosophy. Man has a spirit which immediately and directly perceives the invisible world; let him not suffer it to be paralyzed. There are men of spiritual genius who possess this spiritual power in an unusual degree; let us not despise but respect their testimony as to what they have seen and known. But let us not take either their experiences or our own as final; let us carefully consider them and accept and act upon them only as they are reasonable. In deciding on their reasonableness the final test is their practical efficiency. Are they beneficial? Do they promote our welfare and the welfare of mankind?

Much of our knowledge is derived from our senses. We know, or think we know, what we see, or think we see. But our senses sometimes deceive us. We are subject to hallucinations. If we are in doubt whether we have really seen what we think we have seen, or if others are in doubt concerning the matter, reason is called in to decide the question and rectify the error, if error there has been. When, for example, a traveler reports that the Oriental juggler, standing on the open ground, with nothing but the sky above him, throws a rope up into the air and then climbs up it hand over hand and disappears from sight, the scientist discredits the tale. It is not reasonable; that is, it does not tally with what we know of the laws of nature. The scientist does not aver that anything is impossible; he only avers that some things are more improbable than others. In this case he contends that it is more probable that the traveler is mistaken than that the law of gravitation has been suspended. So when he reads in an ancient record that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and it obeyed him, the scientist says at once: This is not reasonable. It is more probable that the effect was produced by a *quasi* mirage, or that the expression is a poetical one used to express the apparently interminable day, or that the record is wholly mistaken, than that the earth stopped for an appreciable time in its revolution on its axis. In both cases the scientist is following Paul's counsel: he is proving—that is, testing by his reason—the story which is brought to him; and, in each case, he rejects it because it seems to him more credible that the witness is in

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error, or his meaning is misapprehended, than that the laws of nature were reversed or suspended. But it is quite conceivable that the testimony to the feat of the Oriental juggler or to the apparently lengthened day should be so overwhelming that the court would be compelled to accept it. In that case the reason would be applied to find some explanation of the phenomenon not inconsistent with the assumption of science that nature is subject to law, or, to phrase this differently, that God is a God of order and not of anarchy.

As the physical senses are sometimes mistaken, so with the inward or spiritual sense. Personally I doubt whether the latter is any more frequently mistaken in its testimony than the former; whether, that is, hallucinations of the spirit are any more common than hallucinations of the senses. The reason that the spiritual sense is less trusted is partly because we easily distinguish between what we have seen and what we conclude from what we have seen, and with difficulty distinguish between what we have experienced and what we conclude from what we have experienced. However this may be, Paul would have us bring all our spiritual experiences, no less than our sensuous observations, into the court of reason and subject them there to investigation. The inward sense is no more infallible than the outward sense. Both are to be tested and their testimony confirmed or their errors corrected. For example:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just."

In this verse Tennyson gives expression to what is the nearly universal instinct of mankind. This is not merely a hope of life after death; it is still more a conscious experience of a life that is more than a mere physical phenomenon. Man thinks that he is more than a machine; that he exercises some control over his bodily organs; that they are his servants, not his master; and therefore he does not believe that when the servant ceases to obey the master and dissolves in dust and ashes, the master ceases to exist. Is this consciousness of continuing life, of a life that transcends and in some degree controls the body, trustworthy? Is this faith in a present and this hope for a future immortality reasonable? The philosopher does not ask the reason to demonstrate the truth of this faith and the soundness of this hope. He brings this faith and this hope before the court of reason and asks, Is this reasonable—that is, is it able to stand the inquisition of the reason? Taking life as it is, is there more to sanction the hypothesis of mortality or the hypothesis of immortality? And if he finds that this instinct is not unreasonable, if it is not disproved by the reason, he concludes that it is no hallucination and he accepts it and trusts it.

So, again, Browning's declaration,

"Thou God art love, I build my faith on that,"

is the expression of a conscious human instinct. This instinct, as Browning expresses it, is not so universal as the instinct of immortality. But that there is a Person or there are Persons who are superior to humanity, that among them there is One who may properly be called Supreme—a Jehovah, or a Jove, or a Wotan, or a Brahm, or a Great Spirit—and that he is a moral being who is governed by considerations of justice, if not actuated by a spirit of pure benevolence, is the faith which underlies all religions, that is which underlies the consciousness of the human race; for religion, the sense of dependence upon and reverence for a supernatural Being, is as universal as the race. There are probably more blind persons in the world than persons wholly without any religious experience; more, that is, who are not conscious of the light than there are who are not conscious of some superhuman existence. And the higher the ethical and spiritual development of the age and the race, the more benign is the conception of this Supreme Being. Is this a consciousness to be trusted, or is it an hallucination of the spirit? Is it only the blind who see, and are the sighted all in error? The philosopher does not ask reason to demonstrate to him the existence of a God. He brings this universal consciousness of a Supreme Being before the court of reason and asks, Is it reasonable or unreasonable? Is belief in a reasoned creation or in a fortuitous concourse of atoms the more rational explanation of the universe? Is belief in a moral order or a

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moral chaos more consonant with the phenomena of life? Is belief in a righteous Power that makes for righteousness sustained or negatived by a study of the historic development of mankind? Does history look as though life were made up of a lot of unmastered wills playing at cross purposes, or as though behind all these heterogeneous personalities there were a great Personality working out some great design by us not well understood?

So again when, in the declaration that "Spirit with spirit can meet," the poet sums up and interprets the concurrent experience of mankind. Desire for worship and joy in worship are more common than desires for and joy in art. Those who have found inspiration in prayer outnumber probably a hundred to one those who have found inspiration in music. The devout soul is as sure that he has been talking with some invisible presence in the quiet of his chamber as he is a little later that he is talking with his friend in the parlor. Prayer is not a hypothesis demonstrated to him like a theorem in geometry.

"I cried unto the Lord with my voice,
And he heard me out of his holy hill.
I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

They who testify to a like experience are in number like the sand on the seashore for multitude. They are uncountable. Is this an hallucination of the spirit? or is it a reality? Paul's answer to that question is perfectly fearless. Test it, he says; summon it into the court of reason and let reason judge. If the modern skeptic, with his theory of auto-suggestion, had lived in Paul's time, one cannot conceive that Paul would have evaded or avoided this counter-hypothesis. Bring, he would have said, your explanation of the experience of prayer into court with mine and let the reason judge between us.

"The greatest and, perhaps, sole use of philosophy is, after all, merely negative, and, instead of discovering truth, has only the modest merit of preventing error." This sentence, which is attributed to Immanuel Kant, is also Paul's conception of the function of philosophy. It does not furnish us with the facts of life. The facts of the outer life are testified to by the physical senses; the facts of the inner life are testified to by the spiritual senses. But these witnesses are sometimes mistaken. They sometimes seem to contradict each other. They must be brought into court, put on the witness-stand, examined and cross-examined. Reason is not the witness. Reason is the judge who tests the witnesses. The witnesses are the senses and the intuitions; the one observes the world without, the other experiences the life within.

There are several tests which the reason employs in the examination of witnesses. The agreeing testimony of many witnesses to a phenomenon seen goes far to disprove the theory that the seeing perception is an hallucination of the senses; the agreeing testimony of many witnesses to a life experienced goes far to disprove the theory that the experience is an hallucination of the spirit. The exceptional we doubt more readily than the universal. But in religion the final test of every vision is its effect on the character. The test of philosophy, says Professor William James, is, Does it work well? This is Paul's test of religious faith. If this is pragmatism, he is a pragmatist. It is also the test of practical science. The proof of wireless telegraphy is the message sent from station to station without a wire. The proof of aerial navigation is the voyage on the aeroplane. The object of religion is the education and elevation of man. The test of every vision is its effect on the education and elevation of man. Not what we think its effect will be, but what in fact its effect is. This is only to say what Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." What has been the effect on human character of faith in immortality, in God, in Jesus Christ as the supreme manifestation of God, of communion with God? To attempt to answer this question would be to write the history of Christianity. It must suffice here to say that the vices of Christendom are common to humanity, its virtues are largely its own. Cruelty and oppression, fraud and deceit, drunkenness and prostitution, are a part of the world's history. What is not a part of the world's history, but only part of the history of Christendom, is the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of government, the creation of a sense of commercial honor which has made possible banks and

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a post-office and a credit system, hospitals and asylums for the unfortunate, reformatories and penitentiaries for the criminal, and a temperance movement which has promoted in the individual and in the community the power of self-control. What is common to humanity is a poignant sense of remorse for sin and a resulting system of sacrifices and penances to atone for sin; what is peculiar to Christendom is an experience of forgiveness of sin, which has changed worship from a pitiful cry for mercy into a joyful song of thanksgiving.

THINGS OF INTEREST IN ENGLAND

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE two new features in English national life that have most impressed me have been the subsidence of the German scare, and the hollowness and unreality of the cry which is being iterated and reiterated by the Chamberlain tariff reformers and their newspaper press that England is decadent and can be saved only by the re-establishment of the protectionist and commercial systems that disappeared in 1846. As regards the German scare, I expected to find evidences of it in the contents bills which all the English daily newspapers display on the railway book-stalls and outside the stores of the retail news agents. I also expected to find evidences of it in the newspapers themselves—on the editorial as well as the news pages. And I was confident, when I left the steamer in which I had traveled from New York, that as soon as I began to move among my friends in the world of politics and the world of Fleet Street and in social life I should hear much of Germany and its sinister aims. Continuous reading of English exchanges and of the cable and mail letters of the New York and Boston papers had prepared me to hear of Germany in this aspect at every turn. As a matter of fact, not once during my stay here has an Englishman or an Englishwoman even mentioned Germany to me. After I had grown accustomed to this pleasant surprise, I mentioned the subject to two or three of my friends. I recalled the scare as it had been presented to me in the English newspapers I had gone over at home; and when I asked what it all meant, the reply was, "You can see what kind of newspapers we have in London nowadays." This was the English way of suggesting that the scare was all newspaper talk; and the suggestion was accompanied with the assertion that the English people were now ashamed of the whole business. It may be that the decision of the Asquith Government to add eight Dreadnoughts to the English navy, or the intense preoccupation of the national mind with Mr. Lloyd-George's great Budget, accounts for the complete subsidence of the German scare. It would need more of The Outlook's space and more time than I have just now to discuss either of these hypotheses; but the fact I want to record is that the scare is over, and apparently as much an event of the past as the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebration or any other episode—satisfactory or otherwise—that is to-day a matter only for the historians.

Unfortunately, there are no indications that so speedy and satisfactory an end will be made to the cry of the tariff reformers that England is decadent and that protection must be re-established without delay if her supremacy is not to be most seriously endangered. The newspapers that first raised that cry, and that continue to use it as part of the propaganda of tariff reform, are the same that were responsible for the German scare. Here they are doing England harm at home and abroad —harm which, if not soon ended, must take a generation to remedy. English people by nature have little of the optimism which is the outstanding characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States and Canada. Climatic and

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social conditions—social conditions which are a sad and persistent relic of feudalism—do not make for optimism among English people, although men and women who leave England sufficiently early in life to establish themselves in the United States or in any of the four great British oversea dominions soon develop optimism as a characteristic. This cry of decadence was most strenuously raised at the time when England, like the United States and Canada, was not so prosperous industrially and commercially as it had been before the financial panic in the United States in the autumn of 1907. Admittedly all the Lancashire spindles and looms, and all the spindles and looms of the hundreds of woolen mills in Yorkshire, are not humming to-day as they were in the four years ending with 1907; in other lines of manufacturing, and in transport and building, work is not as easy to find as it was two years ago; and the newspaper talk of decadence has fitted in with the popular mood.

And it is just here that the Englishman long resident in the United States quickly realizes the difference between the popular temperament of the Anglo-Saxon peoples on the two sides of the Atlantic. In the United States and Canada, after the depression of 1907, word was passed round that it could be but temporary, and Americans and Canadians had scarcely time to realize that there had been depression before the uplift began and times were distinctly on the mend. In England the politicians in the Opposition turned the depression to their account. They made use of it to "bear" the Liberal Government and to forward the movement for protection. Opposition newspapers, especially those in London, took their cue from the Opposition leaders, and they have followed this cue so persistently and mechanically that they cannot discuss the defeat of the English Cricket Eleven by the Australians at Old Trafford or at the Oval without bringing in the word "decadent." Yet how hollow the use of this word in application to England seems to a visitor from New York who in these long, beautiful summer days is enjoying the opportunity of becoming acquainted with new London—the Imperial London that is rising up in such stately magnificence around Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, the Thames Embankment, St. James's Park, and the Palace of St. Stephen's! There was never more obvious external proof of the vitality of England—of its Imperial Government, of the London County and Municipal Councils, and of the municipal councils of provincial England—than there is to-day. England was positively never more alive. Never were there so many gratifying outward evidences of the new social spirit that dates from the great dock strike in London of just twenty years ago. Almost the only note that jars on the transatlantic visitor is the parrot-like chorus about decadence that comes from the London newspapers, and it jars the more when one comes to understand that its purpose is to harass the present Government and to hasten the day when it shall be in the power of a Tory House of Commons and of a feudal House of Lords to place once more on the backs of the English people the incubus that Peel and Gladstone lifted from them some sixty-three years ago.

Everywhere I went this summer, whether in London or in provincial England, one question I heard much discussed was the likelihood of the success of the movement for women's suffrage. That and Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget, which was described to me as the Social Justice Budget, were the two prevailing topics all through the summer. I am not going to repeat the views on the first of these questions to which I listened so often. Here I desire to concern myself only with two phases of the women's agitation as I saw it incidentally in London and in Liverpool. In London it was my privilege to be able to pass in and out of the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons at will, and look on at close range at the committee stage of the greatest financial measure that has been submitted to Parliament since Peel laid the famous Budget of 1846 before the Commons, or Gladstone staked his rising reputation as a statesman on his great Budget of 1853. Some evenings I made my way into the House by the entrance from Westminster Bridge Railway Station, an approach much used by newspaper men, as it leads direct to the tower in which is the elevator that gives access to the suite of chambers set

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aside for the press. Other evenings I approached the House from Palace Yard; and on the first evening that I used that entrance I noticed that at each of the two gateways there stood two women who were giving out circulars. I passed through in company with a veteran Parliamentary editorial writer, who took one of the circulars and passed it to me with the remark, "This, at least, is something new since the days you were in the Gallery." It was, for it was a manifesto headed, "Votes for Women—The Siege of Westminster." In one of the paragraphs was the statement that these women petitioners, anxious to lay their case before Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, had up to that day "waited now for one hundred and ninety hours." "Do you not think," was the question asked each member of the House to whom the circular was handed, "it is perfectly reasonable to expect Mr. Asquith to receive a deputation of the Women's Freedom League? Will you not stand to help the cause, which is as much yours as ours?" No matter how many times in the course of a sitting of the House a member passed in or out, one of these circulars was put into his hand. There were two ladies at each of the two entrances; two more at the entrance under the Victoria Tower. Every two hours these sentinels were relieved. There were many all-night sittings when the House was in committee on the Budget—sittings which extended from three o'clock of one afternoon until six or seven of the following morning. But at no time were the entrances to St. Stephen's unguarded by these sentinels of the Women's Freedom League. They stood there for their two-hour turns as faithfully as the men of the Horse Guards stand night and day at the Whitehall entrance to the Guards' Parade Ground. Rain or shine, the women were there—women obviously of education and refinement—with policemen at their sides to prevent crowds assembling, and also to protect the women from annoyances from passers-by. Each day the statement in the printed circulars as to the number of hours the sentinels had been on guard was altered to tally with the carefully kept record; otherwise it was the same plea that was presented to members as day after day, through the unusually prolonged session of 1909, they passed in and out of St. Stephen's.

It was a scene of another kind that I witnessed in Liverpool when I attended a great demonstration in Sun Hall, Islington, in support of the Budget. There were four thousand people present. Mr. Allan Bright, M.P., was in the chair, and the principal speaker was Mr. Haldane, Minister for War in the Asquith Cabinet. It was an expectant and sympathetic audience, for Liverpool, perhaps more than any other city in provincial England, has long groaned under the relic of feudal law which permits the territorial aristocracy to draw to themselves all the gain that accrues from the unearned increment attaching to land in the great centers of urban population, and at the same time to escape any real contribution to municipal and Imperial taxation. Mr. Bright's address—a quarter of an hour long—introducing Mr. Haldane and explanatory of the object of the demonstration, was listened to without interruption either from within or from without the hall. Just as soon, however, as Mr. Haldane began his speech bricks began to arrive through the windows on the west side of the hall. The bricks came with such frequency and there was so much falling of broken glass that Mr. Haldane had to make a halt in his speech; and the whole audience, platform, pit, and galleries, stood up to await the end of the fusillade. The end was longer in coming than might have been expected, in view of the fact that there were sixty policemen stationed about the hall to prevent the meeting from being stormed by the women suffragists and their adherents. Then it was discovered that the suffragists, instead of attempting to rush the meeting, from which women had been rigorously excluded, had adopted new tactics. A week before the demonstration they had hired a house on the opposite side of the street to the hall. They moved in and took possession long before the police came on the scene to guard the meeting from their expected frontal attack; and it was from the upper windows and the roof of this house that the brickbats were fired through the windows of the hall. No announcement was made during the meeting as to the why and wherefore of the

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bricks which had broken the windows without harming any of the people inside; but as I passed out of the hall, at the end of Mr. Haldane's speech, I inquired of a policeman, "Who introduced those bricks?" "The ladies," he replied, with a good humor which characterizes the English policemen in their contact with these boisterous aspects of the women's suffrage movement. "Have you collected them?" was my next question. "Yes," he replied; "we have seven of them." And next day the fusilladers were before the stipendiary magistrate at Dale Street, and at the time I write they are sojourning for a month in the jail at Kirkdale. Time and time again during this extraordinary agitation for women's suffrage I have recalled that the movement made no progress during the many years while it was at the parlor stage. I have recalled, also, that a score of men were transported to Van Diemen's Land for their part in the long agitation that preceded the Reform Act of 1832; that at the crises of that movement in 1831–2, to convince the House of Lords that the people were in earnest, it was deemed expedient to storm the Bishop's Palace at Bristol, burn Nottingham Castle, and even organize a run on the Bank of England that drained its coffers of nearly three millions sterling between Monday morning and Wednesday evening. Also I have recalled the fact that it was only after a London crowd had torn down the railings in Hyde Park that the Tory Government of 1866–7 realized that the working classes were intent on the extension of the Parliamentary suffrage which came in 1867. It was, as a matter of fact, only by shock tactics that the salary and wage earning people of England became possessed of the Parliamentary and municipal suffrage. All the same, as I retrospected in this mood at the Sun Hall meeting in Liverpool, it did seem to me that brickbats and politics do not mix well, even when the smashing of windows, interrupting a Cabinet Minister's speech, and a lively quarter of an hour for the police sum up all the damage that was done.

E. P.

OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER XXIII

MISS AZURE VERITY AND MR. DABNEY OF THE BALANCE CONTINUE TO KEEP MY MIND TO A SINGLE SUBJECT

I RATHER liked my own rooms once, but Miss Verity's have made me discontented. What is the secret of femininity? Can it be reduced to a word? Not by me. But a literary exquisite—a Flaubert or a Maupassant—in search of it might do worse than await inspiration at Azure's flat.

She reads everything that she ought, and by some subtle influence compels publishers to bind attractively everything that she ought to read. If I buy a new book, it is as likely as not dingy in hue; but if Azure buys one, it is like herself, winning and gay. Her shelves smile. She likes little books, and has a dozen little table-stands for them.

Her flowers are perfection—just a few in each glass. On the larger table is a dwarf Japanese tree spreading its gnarled and venerable branches for a Lilliputian smithy to shelter beneath; it is a hundred and fifty years old. On the walls are a few colored wood blocks, a water color or so, a Japanese print here and there, and the mask of the dead girl from the Morgue.

Azure was not there when I entered. The cleverest women are not. Having given me time to look round and catch the note, she came in, or at least suddenly she was in the room. Had I been blind and deaf, I should have known it. She has a presence: she vibrates.

Sancho Panza the wise, who, it is on

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record, liked a man to be a man and a woman a woman, would have liked Azure Verity; but he would have marveled too at the fine flower that civilization has produced. For art has gone to her making as much as nature. Indeed, it is not the natural woman that she makes one think of, but this other and more formidable creation, the woman evolved from luxurious modern conditions: the woman who sets Greenlanders hunting rare arctic creatures that she may be warm, and brown peasants toiling in the vineyards about Rheims that she may drink bubbling wine and be gay, and chemists distilling perfumes from flowers that she may exhale fragrance, and Persian divers plunging for pearls that she may emphasize the beauty of her neck.

But Azure, though her salary and her wealthy spoiling friends can bring all those luxuries to her slender white hand, is in no way the victim of them. She accepts them naturally, but she keeps herself simple too—impulsive and ardent in her sympathies, very generous, and so ready for an adventure that she would be prepared to go through with it entirely on bread and cheese.

"Now," she said, after tea had been taken away and the room had gained the composure necessary for more intimate talk, "now tell me about your Naomi."

"What am I to say?" I replied.

"She is very attractive," said Azure.

"Do you think so?" I said, diffidently. (I certainly think so, but I was not particularly anxious to hear others say so too.)

"Why isn't she married?" was Azure's next question.

"She has not been asked, I suppose," I said.

"Do you mean to tell me that no one has proposed to her? It's not conceivable."

"Not to my knowledge," I said.

"How absurd!" she answered, reflectively. "There is a girl born to be a wife, and no one has the sense. . . . While I . . ." she broke off.

"Naturally," I said.

"Well," she exclaimed, "what are we to do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, how are we to get her married?"

"But why?" I said, as bravely as I could.

"Why? Because she is far too sweet and too sensible to die an old maid."

"She is very happy," I said.

"Relatively happy, perhaps."

"Are you so convinced that every one should marry?"

"Oh, no, not every one; but certainly Miss Wynne."

"But you don't know her!" I said.

"Know her! Of course I do. I saw her at the theater."

"Only for a moment."

"Well, that's the way to see people. I never need to see any one twice to know them. My first impressions are always right. Sometimes I go back on my first impressions, but it is always a mistake to do so."

"And looking at her like that, you saw that she wanted to marry?"

"Certainly. It is fearfully plain to any one but a selfish uncle. What a pity," she added after a pause, "that you are her uncle."

My heart beat horribly. "But I'm not," I said.

"Not her uncle?" said Azure. "I thought you were. What are you, then?"

I told her that Mrs. Wynne was my stepsister.

She said nothing for quite a long while, and I tried to think of something entirely different to say, but could not.

All I could say was, "To change the subject a little, how is it that you, with such belief in marriage . . ."

"Oh, I'm not a marrying woman," she said. "I have no courage to face a loss of liberty. I must be my own mistress."

"As you would always be," I said.

"I daren't risk it," she replied.

"And yet . . . " I said.

"Oh yes, I know what you mean. I have been engaged, and I let myself be run after. It's quite true, but I can't help it. I get so fond of them, and they are so nice to me; but they will spoil it all. It's all rubbish to say that marriages are made in heaven; they're not. It is courtship that is made in heaven. The dreadful thing about marriage to me is that it means the end of the engagement. The engagement is so beautiful: people are so kind to such, so understanding and

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sympathetic and generous and patient. And then they marry and everything is over."

"And yet you want Naomi to marry."

"Oh, Naomi is different. Naomi is a born wife; I am a born *fiancée*. Naomi would not see half the things I did. Naomi would love her husband all the more because he was ill; I should hate him. Naomi would love to have babies; I should be terrified and ashamed."

"I am afraid you are a bad citizen," I said.

"Very," she replied; "but I have the honesty to admit it; and I spend a lot of time trying to get good citizenship into others." She smiled with adorable mischief.

"Well," I said, "here we have been talking for an hour, and what have we done? You invited me to come and tell you about Venice, and I have not mentioned the place; nor have you asked me to. All we have talked about is other persons' lives."

"Well," she retorted, "and what did you expect? Aren't we in London? That is the only subject here. No matter how a conversation between a man and woman begins, it is bound, sooner or later, to reach some one else's domestic complications. As for me, I love it. One may talk books and plays and pictures and travel now and then, but the only real interest is other people—their hearts or their want of heart, their follies and their pockets."

"Much better," I replied, "have some interest in your own heart."

"Not I," she answered firmly. "That would be too serious."

On the doorstep whom should I meet but Mr. Dollie Heathcote, a picture of cool tailoring, carrying a bouquet. For the first time in our acquaintance, his expression of perfect contentment and serenity was dimmed by a passing cloud.

"What ho!" he said.

"What ho!" I replied. "I thought you were at Cromer."

"You would not have me remain idle and frivolous on the East Coast," he said, "while the funeral of my aunt is in progress in the metropolis?"

"Certainly not," I answered.

He still looked the least bit abashed.

"It's all right," I said, perceiving his thought; "I sha'n't mention it. For some time now I have entirely given up the habit of remembering that I ever saw any one anywhere."

He laughed quite comfortably again.

"Pip, pip!" he said, and disappeared up the stairs.

So Dollie was among the suitors! A very good thing, too.

I walked home rather thoughtfully by way of the Green Park and St. James's Park. It was a golden afternoon, and there were many lovers, and their happiness made me happy and made me sad. What would have been the result, I wondered, if steady happiness had been set on the throne of this world instead of uncertainty and change and disappointment? How would life have developed had we been born happy and well, and lived happily, and loved happily, and then, when our days were fulfilled, had suddenly died happily?

Would it have harmed the race? Have misfortune and disease and frustration and insecurity been necessary to man's ingenuity and industry? Without sorrow should we have had no telegraph? without tears, no camera? Have all the benefits of civilization been wrung from us in some effort to escape from the blows of fate? And even if so, might not happiness, without the advantages of progress, have still been better?

I stood on the bridge and watched the birds for a long while. They, too, had been in love, and would be again next spring, most of them, and it was just as real to them as to the youths and maidens on the seats and in the boats, and—to me?

To me.

I walked home in a brown study.

Azure Verity had sufficiently disturbed my mind, but I was destined to receive a worse shock before the day closed. I dined at Queen Anne's Gate, and we had a very amusing evening, trying over a number of folk-songs from Somerset, which the morris-dancers are making popular. I left at about eleven, and Alderley said he would walk with me, as he had something to tell me.

Briefly it was that Mr. Dabney had asked if he might pay his addresses to

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Naomi. He would not, he said, say anything to her until he had the parents' permission; which is punctilious of him, if not romantic. I think, however, I see his point of view, which is that, being practically a Republican at heart, and certainly rather anti-English, he might be too repugnant a son-in-law for a public man like Mr. Wynne to consider, and it was therefore only honest to begin by giving the father the chance of refusal.

Alderley, however, has no such objection to him; the objection comes from Naomi herself, who informed her father that she could never love Mr. Dabney and so settled the matter at once. And since one cannot think of him as precisely the build of a blighted and suicidal lover, the matter ends.

But why should my heart again stand still as Alderley told me about it?

CHAPTER XXIV

WITH MR. BEMERTON'S ASSISTANCE I TAKE REFUGE AMID A GALLANT COMPANY OF SEA DOGS

Mr. Bemerton again stood my very good friend, for he had sent up during the day a book which he thought would do something for my thirst for character; and indeed it did. It was a recent volume of the Navy Records Society—a full-blooded work entitled by its editor "Recollections by James Anthony Gardner," but by this same Gardner, an officer in Nelson's day, "Naval Recollections in Shreds and Patches, with Strange Reflections above and under Hatches."

Being old enough to remember very vividly the shock that followed after that other James Anthony's rending of the Cheyne Row veil, I was not unwilling to get a new connotation for those two Christian names. And certainly James Anthony Gardner is a find.

He was born in 1770, in what he thought the best of all lands—Ireland; and he came home from the sea in 1802, but he did not take his pen in hand until 1836, during which time his memory had purged itself of inessentials. He wrote them, not for the cold eye of a publisher's reader, but (like a gentleman) for his own family's entertainment. The result is a narrative of extraordinary directness, full of careless human qualities, naked and unashamed, and some pretty exercises in objurgation, prefaced by the following ingenious verses:

"I know nothing of grammar;
At school they never could hammer
Or beat it into my head.
The bare word made me stammer,
And turn pale as if I were dead.
But here I may as well be telling,
I'm often damned out in my spelling.
And this is all the apology
I offer for my chronology
And biographical sketches
Of mighty men and lubberly wretches,
From seventeen hundred and seventy-seven,
Their rank, their titles, and their names all given."

The last line contains nothing more nor less than the truth, for Gardner, although so many years had passed, and he had served in as many as twelve vessels as midshipman, master's mate, and lieutenant, remembered every man, and when the time came for appraisement was all ready with his summary. It is these summaries, so vivid and searching and kindly and understanding, to which it interests me to draw attention: for such things are new to me, and may be new to others; by their vigor and candor they take their place with more ambitious anthropological efforts.

For swift and vivid summary it would be hard to beat some of the following entries in Gardner's book of memory:

Charles Buchan, purser. Dead. A most worthy gentleman.

Jack Swanson, gunner. Dead. A very good man but had a very bad wife.

Thomas Floyd, third lieutenant. Dead. A dandy.

W. Colt, midshipman. Dead. A very good fellow. We used to call him "Old Owl."

George Rule Bluet, midshipman. Dead. A good-natured fellow, with good abilities, but drank hard. I recollect being of a party at Gosport when Bluet wanted to make love to a young lady, but did not know how to begin. At last he took out of his pocket a plan of the Edgar's hold, which he begged her to accept, and hoped she would keep it for his sake.

Sol Saradine. Dead. A droll, wicked fellow.

How Stevenson and Henley would have rejoiced in this name! Sol Saradine. It breathes piracy and lawlessness.

Ben Forester, captain of marines. Dead. As brave and generous a soul as ever lived, but thoughtless and died unfortunate.

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— Cook, carpenter. Dead. A good man; no dandy.

Edward Forster, midshipman. Dead. Herculean Irishman; a terror to the dockyard maties.

Thomas Watson, midshipman. Dead. A glorious noisy fellow.

Is not that an epitaph indeed, one to be proud of! I wish I was a glorious noisy fellow.

Joseph Loring, third lieutenant. Dead. A good sailor, very passionate, and swore like the devil.

The Parson (I forget his name). Dead. Had no dislike to grog.

Edward Dowdall, gunner. Dead. Lethargic; always dozing in the forecastle; a sleepy, good man.

John Sandford, midshipman. Dead. A member of the Hell-Fire Club; a dandy, and a droll fellow.

Thomas James Skerret, midshipman. This fellow wanted to be a tyrant, but was too great a fool.

Robert Manning, midshipman. Dead. Bob was a good fellow.

Henry Batt, midshipman. Dead. An old schoolfellow of mine. Harry was passionately fond of grog, which made him an ungrateful return by taking him out of this world before it was agreeable. Nicknamed "Ram," "Cat," "Batt," and "Rammon the Butcher."

Alexander Proctor, surgeon's assistant. Proud as the devil.

Hugh Land, clerk. A clever little pedant.

William Nowel, second lieutenant. Dead. Gloomy and fiery, but a good officer and gentleman.

John Irwin, fourth lieutenant. Dead. A very good fellow, always smiling.

John Roskruge, master. Dead. A very good man, one that was better acquainted with rope-yarns and bilge-water than with Homer or Virgil. He said a man's ideas should go no further than the jib-boom end.

John Tursides, midshipman. A droll old guardo.

Henry Foularton, midshipman. Dead. Very religious, and remarkably neat in his dress; but at last drank very hard, and died regretting that a keg of gin (alongside of him) should see him out, which was really the case.

Billy Culmer, mate. Dead. Every one has heard of Billy.

Thomas H. Tidy, midshipman. Dead. Poor Tom.

John Nazer, mate. A very good and very ugly fellow.

Peter M. Kinnon, gunner. A good sailor, but used to damn his poor eyes so.

I could go on indefinitely thus, calling forth from their graves these hard-bitten sea dogs; but that is enough. It is literature in its way, is it not?

Are there the same or kindred characters in the Navy to-day, one wonders. Let us hope so. But as time goes on and sophistication spreads, the outstanding eccentricities are apt to decrease; there is a general planing down of the harder knots. Gardner's book, however, is in the main narrative. It is only at the end of the chapters that he prints these critical lists. Many of his old messmates come in for more detailed description—Mr. Stack, for example. Mr. Stack was "cursed surly and disagreeable, but I believe meant well. . . . When in good temper (which was seldom), he would say 'my son' when he addressed any of us; but generally 'I'll split your ear.'"

Mr. Stack had no richness; he was simply a testy officer; not like Mr. Quinton, with whom grog agreed so happily (among other things "making his flesh firm") that he took twenty-six tumblers of good Hollands and water a day. "I must in justice declare, however," adds Gardner, "that Mr. Quinton was no drunkard; I never saw him disguised with liquor." On the same ship, the Orestes, was Mr. Stevens. When Sir Roger Curtis came to inspect the vessel, Mr. Stevens was the first to go aloft, and was heartily commended by Sir Roger for his activity. "You're a fine fellow, Mr. Stevens," he called up, "a most active officer, Mr. Stevens; you are a wonder, Mr. Stevens." But Sir Roger spoke too soon, for Mr. Stevens was in reality a slacker, and was the last left on the yard. Sir Roger soon put things right. "I recall all my compliments, Mr. Stevens," he bawled; "you're a lubber, Mr. Stevens; a blockhead, Mr. Stevens; come down, Mr. Stevens."

Lieutenant Morgan deserves to be better known, for he accepted one of man's little difficulties with fortitude and humor. One day a midshipman named Millar joined the ship, and Morgan, giving him a quick glance, sprang towards him and asked him to dine that evening. Millar was bewildered, for he had never seen Morgan before, but he accepted. When dinner was over, Morgan declared that he was under a great obligation to his guest, and should at all times be happy to acknowledge it. Poor Millar was quite at a loss. "Well, then," said Morgan, "I'll tell you. It is this. I was

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considered the ugliest son of a gun in the fleet until you came on board, but you beat me dead hollow; and surely you can't wonder at my being sensible of the obligation." Millar took it well, and all was harmony. Three months later, who should join the ship but MacBride. No sooner had he stepped on board than Millar was sent for by his first lieutenant. "Millar," he said, "you are a happy dog for being relieved so soon. I was the ugliest son of a gun in the whole fleet for fully a year before you relieved me; and here are you relieved in only three months, for there stands one"—pointing to MacBride—"that beggars all description." Then, going up to MacBride, he shook his hand and asked him to dine that evening with himself and Millar "to celebrate the happy event." That seems to me to be something very like the best philosophy.

These reminiscences prepare the reader to find that Gardner and his friends, when in Pisa for a night or so during the carnival, were not precisely a band of reverent Ruskinites. "One of our midshipmen pelted Lord Hervey in his coach, and when told it was the British ambassador, and that he looked very angry, immediately hove another volley at Lady Hervey, observing that she looked better tempered than his Excellency." Returning to Leghorn, they had a strong party of English officers to dinner, which was completed by rolling a waiter in the tablecloth along with the plates and dishes. A midshipman then took a loaf and let it fall from the second-floor window upon the jaw of an Italian in the street, which floored him. No one, however, minded. "Would this," asks Gardner, "have been the case in England, where every hole and corner has a board threatening prosecution, and if you pass two or three stopping in the street, their conversation will be about law, hanging, or trade?"

Gardner's last ship was the Brunswick, on which one Rea was captain of marines. "Rea," says Gardner, "although a very worthy fellow, had a great antipathy to the West Indies, and was always cursing Venables and Penn for taking possession of Jamaica, and was sorry Oliver Cromwell did not make them a head shorter for their pains. I have often heard him repeat the following lines as a morning and evening hymn:

"'Venables and Penn,
Two bloody-minded men,
In an evil hour
Those seas did explore,
And, blundering about,
This cursed hole found out:
And for so doing
The devil has them stewing;
And with him they may remain
Till we come this way again,
Which we think, howsomdever,
(As our boatswain says) will be never,
And let all the men say Amen.'"

On one glad morning, however, news at last came that peace was declared and the Brunswick was to return home and its crew paid off. The master brought the glad tidings, thundering at Gardner's door at five in the morning, and singing this lusty song:

"'Jolly tars, have you heard the news?
There's peace both by land and by sea;
Great guns are no more to be used,
Disbanded we all are to be.'

'Oh,' says the admiral, 'the wars are all over.'
Says the captain, 'My heart it will break.'
'Oh,' says the bloody first lieutenant,
'What course of life shall I take?'"

But the news was false, and the Brunswick was sent back to Jamaica again, and so dispirited was he that Gardner then left the sea forever.

It is our gain that he carried away from it a marvelous memory. But I think he knew he had made a mistake in leaving, for there is much wistfulness between the lines of his story. In one place he writes: "We used to fit a tarpaulin in the weather fore-rigging as a screen, and many a pleasant hour have I passed under its lee, with a glass of grog, and hearing long-winded stories. Alas! how dead are times now!"

Is not that one of the themes the plaintive melody of which runs through most middle-aged and older lives: "Alas! how dead are times now!" This is my comment, not the brave Gardner's.

(To be continued)

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CHIPS FROM THE MAELSTROM

BY JACOB A. RIIS

IT is a good many years since I ran across the Murphy family while hunting up a murder, in the old Mulberry Street days. That was not their name, but no matter; it was one just as good. Their home was in Poverty Gap, and I have seldom seen a worse. The man was a wife-beater when drunk, which he was whenever he had "the price." Hard work and hard knocks had made a wreck of his wife. The five children, two of them girls, were growing up as they could, which was not as they should, but according to the way of Poverty Gap: in the gutter.

We took them and moved them across town from the West Side to be nearer us, for it was a case where to be neighbor one had to stand close. As another step, I had the man taken up and sent to the Island. He came home the next week, and before the sun set on another day had run his family to earth. We found one of the boys bringing beer in a can and Mr. Murphy having a good time on the money we had laid away against the landlord's call. Mrs. Murphy was nursing a black eye at the sink. She had done her best, but she was fighting against fate.

So it seemed; for as the years went by, though he sometimes stayed out his month on the Island—more often, especially if near election time, he was back the next or even the same day—and though we moved the family into every unlikely neighborhood we could think of, always he found them out and celebrated his return home by beating his wife and chasing the children out to buy beer, the girls, as they grew up, to earn in the street the money for his debauches. I had talked the matter over with the Chief of Police, who was interested on the human side, and we had agreed that there was no other way than to eliminate Mr. Murphy. All benevolent schemes of reforming him were preposterous. So, between us, we sent him to jail nineteen times. He did not always get there. Once he was back before he could have reached the Island ferry; we never knew how. Another time, when the doorman at the police station was locking him up, he managed to get on the free side of the door, and, drunk as he was, slammed it on the policeman and locked him in. Then he sat down outside, lighted his pipe and cracked jokes at the helpless anger of his prisoner. Murphy was a humorist in his way. Had he also been a poet he might have secured his discharge as did his chum on the Island who delivered himself thus in his own defense before the police judge:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I.
The reason, too, is the same,
It comes of getting dry.
The difference 'twixt leaves and me—
I fall more harder and more frequently."

But Murphy was no poet, and his sense of humor was of a kind too fraught with peril to life and limb. When he was arraigned the nineteenth time, the judge in the Essex Market Court lost patience when I tried to persuade him to break the Island routine and hold the man for the Special Sessions, and ordered me sternly to "Stand down, sir! This court is not to be dictated to by anybody." I had to remind his Honor that unless he could be persuaded to deal rationally with Mr. Murphy the court might yet come to be charged before the Grand Jury with being accessory to wife murder, for assuredly it was coming to that. It helped, and Murphy's case was considered in Sessions, where a sentence of two years and a half was imposed upon him. While serving it he died.

The children had meanwhile grown into young men and women. The first summer, when we sent the two girls to a clergyman's family in the country, they stole some rings and came near wrecking all our plans. But those good people had sense, and saw that the children stole as a magpie steals—the gold looked good to them. They kept them, and they have since grown into good women. To be sure, it was like a job of original creation. They had to be built, morally and intellectually, from the ground up. But in the end we beat Poverty Gap. The boys? That was a harder fight, for the

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gutter had its grip on them. But we pulled them out. At all events, they did better than their father. When they were fifteen they wore neckties, which in itself was a challenge to the traditions of the Gap. I don't think I ever saw Mr. Murphy with one, or a collar either. They will never be college professors, but they promised fair to be honest workingmen, which was much.

What to do with the mother was a sore puzzle for a while. She could not hold a flat-iron in her hand; didn't know which end came first. She could scrub, and we began at that. With infinite patience, she was taught washing and ironing, and between visits from her rascal husband began to make out well. For she was industrious, and, with hope reviving, life took on some dignity, inconceivable in her old setting. In spite of all his cruelty she never wholly cast off her husband. He was still to her Mr. Murphy, the head of the house, if by chance he were to be caught out sober; but the chance never befell. It was right that he should be locked up, but outside of these official relations of his, as it were, with society, she had no criticism to make upon him. Only once, when he dropped a note showing that he had been carrying on a flirtation with a "scrub" on the Island, did she exhibit any resentment. Mrs. Murphy was jealous; that is, she was human.

Through all the years of his abuse, with the instinct of her race, she had managed to keep up an insurance on his life that would give him a decent burial. And when he lay dead at last she spent it all—more than a hundred and fifty dollars—on a wake over the fellow, all except a small sum which she reserved for her own adornment in his honor. She came over to the Settlement to consult our head worker as to the proprieties of the thing: should she wear mourning earrings in his memory?

Such is the plain record of the Murphy family, one of the oldest on our books in Henry Street. Over against it let me set one of much more recent date, and let them tell their own story.

Our gardener, when he came to dig up from their winter bed by the back fence the privet shrubs that grow on our roof garden in summer, reported that one was missing. It was not a great loss, and we thought no more about it, till one day one of our kindergarten workers came tiptoeing in and beckoned us out on the roof. Way down in the depth of the tenement-house yard back of us, where the ice lay in a grimy crust long after the spring flowers had begun to peep out in our garden above, grew our missing shrub. A piece of ground, yard-wide, had been cleared of rubbish and dug over. In the middle of the plot stood the privet shrub, trimmed to make it impersonate a young tree. A fence had been built about it with lath, and the whole thing had quite a festive look. A little lad was watering and tending the "garden." He looked up and saw us and nodded with perfect frankness. He was Italian, by the looks of him.

One of our workers went around in Madison Street to invite him to the Settlement, where we would give him all the flowers he wanted.

"But come by the front door, not over the back fence," was the message she bore, and he said he would. He made no bones of having raided our yard. He wanted the "tree" and took it. But he didn't come. It was a long way round; his was more direct. This spring the same worker caught him climbing the back fence once more, and this time trying to drag back with him a whole window-box. She was just in time to pull it back on our side. He let go his grip without resentment; it was the fate of war; that time we won. We renewed our invitation after that, and, when he didn't respond, sent him four blossoming geraniums with the friendly regards of a neighbor who bore no grudge. For in our social creed the longing for a flower in the child-heart covers a maze of mischief; and a maze it is always with the boys. No wonder we feel that way. Our work, all of it, sprang from that longing and was built upon it. But that is another story.

Yesterday I looked down and saw our flowers blooming there, but with a discouraged look I could make out even from that height. Still no news from their owner. A little girl with blue ribbons in her hair was watering them. I went around and struck up an acquaintance with her. Mike was in the country, she said, on Long Island, where her sister was married. She, too, was his sister.

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Her name was Rose, and a sweet little rose she did look like in all the litter of that tenement yard. It was for her Mike had made the garden and had built the summer-house for her and her friends, which they furnished. She took me to it, in the corner of the garden. You could just put your head in; but it was worth while. The walls, made of old boxes and boards, had been papered with colored pictures. The "Last Supper" was there, and some bird pictures, a snipe and a wood-duck, with a wholesome suggestion of outdoors; on a nicely papered shelf some shining bits of crockery to finish things off. A doll's bed and chair furnished one-half of the "house," a broken-down parlor chair the other half. The initials of the four girl friends were written in blue chalk over the door.

The "garden" was one step across, two the long way. I saw at a glance why the geraniums drooped, with leaves turning yellow. She had taken them out of the pots and set them right on top of the ground.

"But that isn't the way," I said, and rolled up my sleeves to show her how to plant a flower. I shall not soon get the smell of that sour soil out of my nostrils and my memory. It welled up with a thousand foul imaginings of the gutter the minute I dug into it with the lath she gave me for a spade. Inwardly I resolved that there should be a barrel of the sweet wholesome earth from my own Long Island garden in that back yard, in which a rose-bush might live, before summer comes again. But the sun?

"Does it ever come here?" I asked, doubtfully glancing up at the frowning walls that hedged us in.

"Every evening it comes for a little while," she said cheerfully. It must be a little while indeed, in that den. She showed me a straggling green thing with no leaves. "That is a potato," she said, "and this is a bean. That's the way they grow." The bean was trying feebly to climb a string to the waste-pipe that crossed the "garden" and burrowed in it. Between the shell-paved walk and the wall was a border two hands wide where there was nothing.

"There used to be grass there," she said, "but the cats ate it." On the wall above it was chalked the inevitable "Keep off the Grass." They had done their best.

Three or four plants with no traditional prejudices as to soil grew in one corner. "Mike found the seed of them," she said simply. I glanced at the back fence and guessed where.

She was carrying water from the hydrant when I went out. "They're good people," said the old housekeeper, who had come out to see what the strange man was there for. On the stoop sat an old grandfather with a child in his lap.

"It is the way of 'em," he said. "I asked this one," patting the child affectionately, "what she wanted for her birthday. 'Gran'pa,' she said, 'I want a flower.' Now did ye ever hear such a dern little fool?" and he smoothed her tangled head. It was the cry of the desert road over which he had come with God knows what a struggle, but I knew that, now it was nearly over, he understood, though his words belied it.

Chips from the maelstrom that swirls ever in our great city. We stand on the shore and pull in such wrecks as we may. I set them down here without comment, without theory. For it is not theory that in the last going over we are brothers, being children of one Father. Hence our real heredity is this, that we are children of God. Hence, also, our fight upon the environment that would smother instincts proclaiming our birthright is the great human issue, the real fight for freedom, in all days.

And Murphy, says my carping friend, where does he come in? He does not come in; unless it be that the love and loyalty of his wife, which not all his cruelty could destroy, and the inhumanity of Poverty Gap, plead for him that another chance may be given the man in him. Who knows?

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THE NEW BOOKS

A new romance by Maurice Hewlett has come to be a literary event, and there is this special attraction about "The Open Country"—that it reintroduces a singularly lovable person, Jack Senhouse. In the younger days told of here Senhouse is much the same as in "The Halfway House:" wanderer and nature lover, he plants wild gardens in English moors and on seacoast crags; scholar and poet, he talks and quotes and writes in original fashion; in his theories he is a philosophical anarchist, but an idealist also; his own trampling on convention is perfectly sincere, but the effect of his preaching on the clear-souled, high-minded maiden he loves leads, to his own consternation—and to the reader's—to a practical application of the most extreme kind. As a story the book is a little less attractive than its predecessor, but Mr. Hewlett's grace and charm of writing have not lost their quality, although they have in some ways changed their form. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

We do not know anything about Eliza Calvert Hall except that she is the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," a book which was brought into wide public notice by the special commendation given to it by President Roosevelt a year or so ago. She has, however, proved by that volume, and by its successor or sequel, "The Land of Long Ago," just now published, that she can paint certain types of American personality and character with unusual skill and charm. Bubbling good humor is combined in a marked degree with an appreciation of nature, and with an insight into the fundamental spiritual qualities of the average man and woman. Such books as this and "Mr. Opp," which are not only peculiarly American, but peculiarly Southern, make one wonder whether the great American novel for which we are all waiting may not finally come from a Southern writer. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

It is quite common for a novel to appear in England under one name, in America under another. Two years ago English critics praised very highly Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "The Orchard Thief." Now it makes its first appearance here as "Trespass." In its way it is masterly, a really profound study of motive and character—not as distressing as Mrs. Dudeney's "Rachel Lorian," but still painful in its tense treatment of a bitter experience of love misguided. Like "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," it deals boldly with the problems of passion, and may offend in this way, but, like that book also, it is essentially dramatic, a searching exposition of human nature under the stress of conflicting emotions. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.25.)

An unknown Canadian writer published a girls' story a year ago or so which had that peculiar quality which makes the person who reads it tell some one else to do the same; and just this thing probably has more to do with the success of play or story than any amount of booming. "Anne of Green Gables" was funny without being silly, quite naïve, but honest as it was simple. Naturally Miss Montgomery has written a sequel, and evidently meditates another. "Anne of Avonlea" is a little more sentimental than the earlier Anne, but it is jolly and friendly, and a "rambunctious" boy-child supplies the irrepressible fun formerly due to the now young-ladyish Anne. The story will surely be read. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

There is no need to point out the special timeliness just now of Miss Esther Singleton's "Dutch New York." She has reproduced the daily life of the New Amsterdam burgher and his wife capitally and with abundant quaint and queer pictures. How his house was built and furnished, how his table was set with silver and china, how his wife cooked and cleaned and marketed and dressed, how the Dutch christened, courted, wedded, and buried, what were their festivals, their customs and costumes—in short, Dutch manners rather than Dutch history in old New York are here described with amusingly faithful detail. The volume is a handsome piece of book-making. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.)

Miss Kate V. Saint Maur, author of an enlightening and entertaining book, "A Self-Supporting Home," goes deeper into the practical work of every day in "The Earth's Bounty." She writes wisely of raising lambs, violets, fruit, cattle, poultry, dogs, and goats, besides interjecting many valuable bits of advice on kindred subjects. An air of common sense and a sensible recognition that work is not always play, however congenial it may be, pervades the book, and will strengthen its appeal to the professional as well as to the amateur worker in nature's shop. The final chapter, giving an itinerary of the year's work, is especially useful. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

There are few more readable biographies than the "Life of Voltaire," by S M. Tallentyre—and, by the way, a recent statement has been made that the writer is a woman, a fact that will surprise many. Now the author issues a "Life of Mirabeau." The subject is not less dramatic, and historically it is of larger importance, but frankly the book is far less interesting than that on Voltaire. The reason is that the material has not been so well digested, and the narrative lacks proportion and continuity of interest. Mirabeau's tumultuous nature, his quarrels with his even more self-willed father, his many imprisonments under *lettres de cachet*, his abominably numerous love affairs, were but the prelude to his political genius and his part in the greatest national upheaval of

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modern times. But in this book the vices and family quarrels are given undue space and the political treatment is not altogether satisfactory. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $6.)

Mrs. Stephen Batson, in "The Summer Garden of Pleasure," hopes to help others to combat nature and their own love of ease, and to overcome "the hateful rout of August." By careful planting and diligence we need not have our borders as bare in late summer as in March. She writes for the modest gardener with "a limited patch of flat glebe"—a phrase that discovers to Americans the nationality of the author. By the aid of color plates Mrs. Batson elucidates her plans for color massing. She is practical, and acknowledges failure as well as records success. The pictures recall the luxuriant charm of overflowing English gardens, and we wish our hotter sun and drier air might leave us more lush beauty of leaf and blossom. Mrs. Batson says the practical gardener is always an optimist; he would not be a gardener otherwise, even though he echoed the exclamation of a friend who said, "Everything is unsatisfactory except flowers, and they never come right." For the lover of home gardens the book will be most useful. As the author says, we labor in our gardens because there is a compelling force that will not let us rest until we have given expression to an ideal. We may not recognize it, "yet even on the surface of our minds we know it is Perfection that we are seeking." (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $3.50.)

If one imagines the story of American civilization told by some antiquarian in the year 3800, an outstanding contrast between our present social system and that of the future will be one that appears between the present and that of imperial Rome—the immunity of great fortunes from their proportionate share of the public burdens. Thus the interest of Friedländer's recent remarkable volumes on "Roman Life and Manners Under the Early Empire" is heightened by the comparisons it institutes. Except in atrocious gladiatorial games, that brilliant pagan civilization does not suffer by comparison with the so-called Christian civilization that succeeded it. The evil name which such first-century writers as Varro, Seneca, and Pliny, advocates of ancient simplicity, have given to their time for insensate luxury is based on exceptional monstrosities, *e.g.*, a Vitellius feasting on flamingoes' tongues. But such occur in every age. A French epicure in the eighteenth century made a dish of two or three thousand carps' tongues. The eighteenth century, rather than the first, was "the age of great cooking and cooks," and the nineteenth century did not fall behind. "The Gourmand's Almanac," in eight volumes, sold enormously about 1803. Napoleon's chef boasted of knowing three hundred and sixty-five ways of cooking a fowl. The Roman puritans thought it a heinous thing when commerce brought the products of many climes to the tables of the wealthy, as it now brings them to the tables of plain people. Wastrels would then occasionally sip liquor in which costly pearls had been dissolved, as now they are reported to use greenbacks for tapers. The century following the Battle of Actium was a time of unprecedented fortunes, the two largest of which are figured as $21,000,000 and $18,000,000. Cardinal Mazarin, under Louis XV, accumulated $40,000,000. But what are such sums to present-day fortunes? Whether the greatest fortunes were more in excess of ordinary incomes in Rome than now is difficult to determine. Mommsen justly observed, "The Roman imperial epoch is more abused than known." In the vital point of provision for public baths its magnificent aqueducts have long reproached the modern world. It had its seamy side, of course, but was neither so mad nor so vicious as it has been pictured. Its swarming details in Friedländer's pages are as copious as if he had had files of contemporary newspapers at command. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The evolutionary mode of thinking has transformed ethics from a science of habits to a science of moral order and progress. In practice it is also an art—"the art of living together humanely," says the Rev. Charles F. Dole in his latest volume, "The Ethics of Progress" (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York). Taking real as distinct from superficial civilization to be the humanization of men, as Matthew Arnold said long since, he finds the most favored nations "not civilized yet," but men now living a more closely social life than ever before, and destined to a still closer. From this optimistic standpoint regarding even the present moral confusion as a phase of progress, he writes for those who are in the borderland between the morality of custom and the higher morality of reflection socialized by human sympathy. He rightly takes social temper to be the basis of moral education, and sympathy to be "the heart of ethics." A series of many short chapters, simple and free from technicality, develops point by point the theory and the practice by which true civilization gains. Large notice is taken of current problems, with copious illustration of the sufficiency of the Kantian principle of "the good will" as their solvent. The alleged vagueness of this principle demands the prominence which Mr. Dole gives to casuistry, and his treatment of interesting cases of it sustains his contention that it fosters "virile ethical enthusiasm." Of quite another type is Dr. von Häring's volume "The Ethics of the Christian Life," translated from the second German edition by James S. Hill, B.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). It can hardly be said that Professor Häring, writing for advanced students, does justice to "modern ethics" in regarding them as "essentially psychological, and of this world" only. His countryman Professor Wundt regards the moral ideal as be-

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longing to "the realm of the infinite," and this is the doctrine of the best American and British ethicists, as it is also the teaching of the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures. Specially valuable portions of the volume are those which contrast Roman Catholic with Protestant ethical teachings, and discuss at length various questions of social ethics. But it is indefensible to set Christian ethics in an unreal opposition to normative ethics. "I regard 'Christian,'" said Edward Caird, "as the permanent adjective by which we must define the growing ideal of humanity."

The design of the author of a lengthy but by no means ponderous work called "Woman Through the Ages" is not to provide a history for that half of humanity, practically neglected by serious historians, but to present carefully arranged notes upon the condition and influence of women in certain centers of Western civilization. There is no question as to the interest he has imparted to the subject, for he writes with picturesque vigor, and never hesitates to inject into descriptions of either ancient or modern life his own individual prejudice or opinion. That makes lively reading, and keeps the reader on the alert. The author, Emil Reich, throws down the gauntlet in the hope that his work will help a few Englishmen to get away from their inveterate refusal to take women seriously—an attitude which he describes as a *chinoiserie d'idées*—most disrespectfully. Beginning with Egypt, he runs through the brilliant types of civilization, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, to mediæval women within and without the convent. After a rapid survey of the most noted names of Grecian women, he concludes that Homer unified the different types in a single form when his genius gave us Helen—the personification, with all her ability and all her weakness, of the Greek woman. More detailed biographies of St. Teresa and Joan of Arc are followed by a sketch of the women of the Renaissance, when, in the phrase of an English writer, "all the world was a garden," and moral obligations rested but lightly upon fair shoulders. The author assures us that the intellectual giants of the period (the men, that is) were conscious of no sin "whilst acutely distinguishing between good and evil." The dawn of the recognition of woman as an influence in society was just breaking in the Renaissance. It is impossible to linger among the English women of the Tudor and Stuart times, or even with the brilliant women of L'Hôtel Rambouillet and their successors down to the Revolution. Passing over several interesting chapters, we note the author's characterization of George Eliot as "an acid pedagogue," and of her "Romola" as a "tinselly, besmudged perversion." Mrs. Browning and the Brontës are more gently dealt with. The latter have written "the most vivid, forceful novels any of their nationality have written." The feminism of the nineteenth century affords Mr. Reich scope for his graphic vocabulary and room for the declaration of his faith. He grants that women have tremendously improved civilization in reforming social conditions, but he deplores with actual passion the evil tendency to individualism rampant among them at present. Nothing but disaster can result from 'a reversion of the most solemn of Nature's edicts, and woman must conform to the law of her creation. The closing chapter is devoted to a description and analysis of the woman of America, and will prove a well of delight to us all. Mr. Reich has seized upon several truths which he incontinently carries off. Then, in the manner of a destructive little dog, he worries his find to pieces, forgetful or unable to realize that the bit of truth that attracted his eye was really but a small part of a much larger question. American women, in his opinion, have nothing in common with women of other nations. They are the curious product of the form of government and social order under which they live. To our surprise we learn that our women take not the slightest interest in man. Our men are humble Cinderellas, our women are cold-hearted Amazons. Our aim is not "to have a home, but to have had one"—to be moving on—"out West," probably. We are excused, however, because "the process of unwomaning the American woman was one that no human power or foresight could obviate." Men in America worship their women, and toil and moil that they may be "highly" dressed, as Mr. Reich phrases it. The explanation is that no highly strung nation can exist without an aristocracy; the principles of our Constitution forbid male aristocracy, so, of course, our women must form the necessary class, and there we are. If the closing sentence of this entertaining book does not prove attractive, and beguile Americans to read and profit by the studies of Mr. Reich, we surely have lost our vaunted sense of humor or regained our well-lost and youthful sensitiveness to criticism: "Whether such Amazonian women are or are not likely to promote the real welfare of a nation, whether they are or are not the bane rather than the boon of the American nation, that is a question, the solution of which 'lies in the lap of the gods.' Most Europeans are not inclined to indulge in great hopes of improvement by women of that kind. Perhaps, then, Europeans are wrong." Exactly, as Mr. Reich would say. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.)

We have had inquiries about the authorship of "The Lady of the Decoration," which, beginning with a modest sale in the spring of 1906, has since had an enormous popularity. "Frances Little" is now known to be Mrs. Fanny C. Macauley, of Louisville, Kentucky. Her second book, "Little Sister Snow," the scene of which, like that of "The Lady of the Decoration," is laid in Japan, is just off the press.

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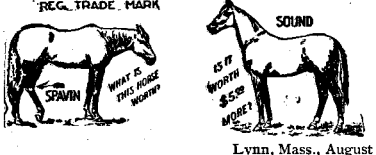

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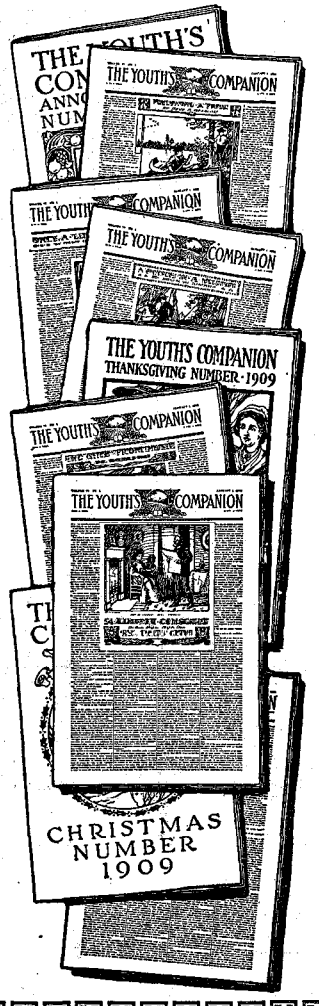

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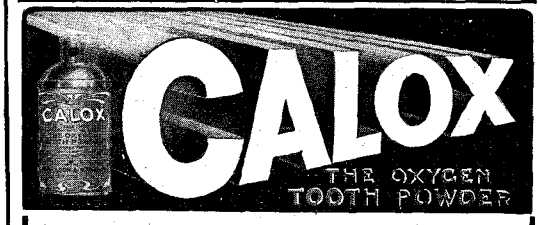

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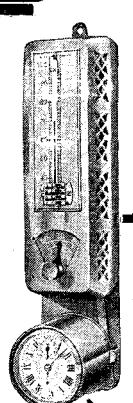

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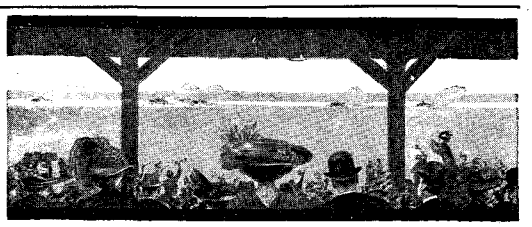

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